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Poetry.

Written for the Toledo BLADE

WAITING.

BY MRS. EUGENE DICKINSON.

Here, Alice, lay my book aside,
I cannot read to-day,
There is a sadness at my heart
That will not go away.
And put the fender at the fire,
And drop the curtain down,
And let us take a quiet walk
Out from the busy town.

The fields are green, the skies are blue,
And on the waving trees,
The wild birds sing their merry songs
While swinging in the breeze.
And at our feet the tiny flowers
So delicate and fair,
Have just peeped through the cold, dark mould,
Into the sweet May air.

And over all the sunshine spreads
His robe of gold and white,
Till I can almost fancy that
It is celestial light.
And you, my darling, well I know
Down in your heart to-day
That love, and hope, and happiness
Make a continual May.

And I would not that aught of gloom
From mine should cloud that light,
Or make the sunshine in your eyes
Than now less gladly bright.
But oh, so long my heart hath kept
Its secrets hidden there,
So closely veiled I scarcely dared
To whisper it in prayer.

It can no longer all alone
Bear its own depth of woe.
No longer wait the seal to break
And let the fountain flow,
You know, my dear, 'twas autumn time,
When Edward went away,
But ah you know not all he said
To me upon that day.

We were out here among the trees,
The leaves were drifting down,
And spread a carpet for our feet,
Of crimson, gold, and brown,
And all the skies were pink and blue,
The clouds were rosy white,
And looked like angel ships asail
Upon a sea of light.

And all the winds were hushed and still,
As if they held their breath,
While Edward spoke those words which were,
To me, as life or death.
And when May should restore to earth
Her glory and her pride,
He said he would come home again,
And I should be his bride.

Well, that May came a year ago,
And passed away again,
And in my heart anxiety
Hath grown into a pain.
I know you often wonder why
I some times sit all day,
Watching the white ships come and go
Upon the quiet bay,
And never for a moment thought
That it was all for him,
I watched until my head swam round,
Until my eyes were dim.

You never thought the reason why
My red cheeks grew so pale,
Was that because in all my watch,
I never saw that sail,
But often in my dreams at night
I see his face so fair,
All wet and cold, with half closed eyes
And sea weed in his hair,
And then I think the reason why,
He comes not back to me,
Is that because he sleeps in death,
Beneath the icy sea.

Come Alice, shall we not go home?
The air is getting chill;
And in a sad and plaintive moan
The wind sobs down the hill.
We'll take the path along the beach,
And look out on the bay,
To see if any stranger ships
Have anchored there to-day.
Ah, there is one—its tattered sails,
And sad and weary air,
Would seem to say that it has seen
More weather foul than fair.

And now I just can spell the name—
Why Alice! can it be?
That surely is the ship in which
My Edward went to sea.
Oh heart of mine, be still! be still!
Forget thy care and pain
Through all these long, sad, weary days,
I have not watched in vain.

Selected Story.

THE BRANDON GHOST.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

When Chauncey Brandon, in the year 1800, stepped ashore from the sailing vessel that had brought him from England, his wife leaned on his arm and he was followed by a nurse with a bundle. This bundle, when unwrapped, proved to be something soft and round, and highly ornamented with embroidery—a something with a marvelously short waist and a marvelously rich lace cap; in short, a luxuriously apparelled baby. A very important baby it was, from love of it, Chauncey had relinquished his noble old homestead, with the prestige which centuries of possession confers upon a family, had ceased to be the leading man in his county, and had become a stranger in a land which, however dear to his sons, could be to him but a place of exile. He had abandoned all the advantages of ancestry, and come where he must stand or fall on his own merits; and Chauncey was humbly conscious that he had few merits beyond an honest, genial nature, and a capacity for unswerving affection, which in its parental development had made him an alien. An only son, we doubt not that Chauncey gave up his ancestral domain with a keen pang, but he gave it up heartily, and made the best of it. He had ordained that his own life should be clipped and narrowed to evade a curse upon his child and make her existence a benediction. Chauncey Brandon was, in fact, running away from a ghost—a ghost which he had never seen, and which he never expected to see.

Mrs. Chauncey Brandon was an easy going little body, not capable, like her husband, of any emotion that reached the heroic, but feeling herself much more conversant than he with the ways of ghosts. Not that these airy somethings had ever wakened her with footfalls, startled her by appearing whitely in the night, or stood between her and the sunlight; but she had theories concerning them which she asserted as facts.

In leaving home, Chauncey had not denuded himself of wealth. He had left his aged parents and his eldest sister in the old home; the other girls had flown like young birds to their own nest building, and the property had been sufficient to portion all and give the parting son enough to maintain him in gentlemanly style.

"Somehow, I feel better, safer, in this country," Chauncey remarked to his wife.

"I don't see why, my dear," replied Mrs. C. B., oracularly. "Spiritual presences are not subject to the same laws of motion as fetter us. Space, like time, is nothing to them." Mrs. C. B., accepted the family ghost as a fact, and made various assertions concerning the laws or lawlessness of its being.

"At all events," said Chauncey, "I shall build our new home as unlike the old one as possible."

"I don't care how you build," said madame, "but you must know, Chauncey, that the keen vision of spiritual eyes will not be deceived by architectural differences."

"I'll have our house beside a river; you know what they say of running water."

"That only concerns witches and fairy spells," returned his wife. "Water has no power over spirits, Chauncey."

They talked of their dismal heirloom coolly enough; they were used to their family ghost; it was known all over the west of England, and like the family mansion, portraits and tombstones, had served to augment the family respectability. Moreover, just at this period it was not a personal matter with this couple, for the Brandon ghost was keeping an engagement that might last indefinitely.

Chauncey Brandon built himself a house as large as Noah's ark and much more ornamental; like Noah also, he planted a vineyard, but he did not drink the wine thereof, for he considered the villainous and high-priced decoctions of dried apples and old prunes, called port and champagne, much more gentlemanly drinks. "Home made" was good enough for common folks, but not for Chauncey Brandon.

The new house was on the Hudson; it had bath houses, boat houses, hot houses; in truth, so great was the owner's passion for building that he created a little village on his estate. He kept dogs and horses, as an Englishman should do, made friends, and extended to them his hospitality; people liked him well; he was passably happy; and if a spasm of fear for the future of the misery of homesickness came to him, he gave no sign.

Margaret Brandon, the embroidered and lace capped bundle that the Brandons brought with them, grew apace, and other bundles had no hesitation in intruding themselves upon the domestic circle; they came and made the circle wider, and formed part of it.

The old home over the sea, with whatever joys and sorrows were attached to it, was scarcely mentioned in Chauncey's household. The English nurse ruled over the rising generation of the Brandons, and when strangers commended her faithfulness, Chauncey would reply, "Yes, a most valuable woman: she knows how to hold her tongue." Yet he set no undue value on reticence, and was well pleased that his wife's nicely worded platitudes flowed on each day like the soft ripple of a stream.

Time passed, and Margaret Brandon was fifteen—a plump, red cheeked, English looking girl, who could ride her dozen miles, walk over hill and dale, and eat her dinner without mincing, and who eschewed pickels and slate pencils. Margaret was neither intellectual nor romantic; she learned what lessons she must, had never read the Arabian Knights nor anybody's Mythology, was ignorant of the tales of chivalry, and had been carefully kept from her mother's ghostly lore. She knew nothing of the unseen, except what she had learned from her prayer book.

Margaret was at her piano one evening rattling off merry waltzes with small regard to time, the family sitting chatting around—all but the nursery juveniles, already tucked in bed in good old English fashion. The night being warm the bay window was opened, and the wind waved the lace curtains softly to and fro. Margaret played with her face toward the window. Presently her fingers moved more slowly, then ceased to press the keys. She rose, her eyes still on the window, and walked through it into the open air. After a time she came back through the door.

"Where did you go, Margaret?" asked her mother indifferently, conversation having flagged.

"On the terrace," said Margaret, again sitting down at the piano. She played more mournful music now—Moore's "Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter."

"Livelier, livelier, girl," cried her father, who would never let this child be otherwise than gay. But Margaret wandered off into a simple, sad old love song—"Leonore."

"Merrier, merrier, Madge," said Chauncey.

"It's bedtime, father," said Margaret, and went away.

Next evening, Margaret and her brother were playing backgammon.—Presently, Margaret began looking into the hall, and played very badly.

"How stupid you are, Mag," shouted Master Brandon.

Margaret rose and went quietly from the room; she was gone ten minutes, then returned to resume the game.

"I thought you went off in a huff," said the boy.

"O no," said Margaret, and played very well.

Several evenings after this, when it was nearly bedtime, Margaret dropped her embroidery and went out as if obeying a call.

While she was gone, Nurse Catharine ran down to consult with her mistress about Master Edward, aged one year.—Margaret returned with a knowing look in her face, and stood under the chandelier.

"As I told you, nurse," said Mrs. Brandon, "Jane must carry Master Edward out for half an hour, early every morning."

But Catharine no longer gave her mistress her attention; she was looking at Miss Margaret. She took hold of the girl's hands and carefully scanned her face. "It's over now, after all's said and done," said Catharine. "I always said it was no use, no more it isn't."

"Indeed, Catharine, there is no occasion for you to argue, the doctor says the early morning air will help Master Edward."

"Oh, Master Edward!—*Bah!* easy cured; he is of small account any wise. We didn't leave England for *him*," said nurse, and walked off.

Mrs. Brandon gazed after nurse sorely puzzled, but Mr. Brandon fixed his eyes on Margaret, over whose round face a shadow came as she looked through the bay window as if in search of something.

"What troubles you, Margaret?"

"Nothing," said the girl, uneasily.

"Where did you go just now, child?"

"Nowhere, father."

"Speak fairly, my girl; something has come over you."

"I only saw some one, father."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know," answered Margaret, reluctantly.

"Where?" demanded the father, huskily.

"Out of doors, in the hall, by the window."

"That is nothing; some of the servants, likely."

"Oh no, father. It was some one that wanted me."

Chauncey and his wife trembled. "Describe this person, my child," said the father.

Margaret was still looking out at the window, and spoke slowly, as if seeing what she described. "A woman, father, with a *motherly* face, and such big, sad, dark eyes. It is her eyes that ask me to come to her, but when I go she is lost."

"What sort of a person is she, child?" asked Mrs. Brandon.

"Not a lady, mother—a common sort of person maybe, and yet I go to her. She has a black dress—a queer one; and a white kerchief on her head. She wants me to comfort her, mother;" and Margaret stepped quickly toward the window.

Her father caught her in his arms. "Don't fancy such things, Margaret. Go to nurse and tell her of it, and go to bed. Nurse will tell you this is nonsense."

No sooner had Margaret left the room than Mr. Brandon, turning to his wife, said, "It is the Brandon ghost!"

"Yes, and your sister Annie is dead," said his wife.

"She is done with her trouble, and our poor girl has come to her inheritance," Mr. Brandon said sadly.

"I always told you that it would do no good to come here," said Mrs. Brandon. "Poor, darling Margaret! Well, it is a blessing the servants are not afraid of the ghosts."

The matter was kept very quiet for some weeks; nothing was said to Margaret. Gradually the girl changed; the ruddiness of buxom health died out of her cheeks; her robust form grew slender; the face that had been thoughtless as that of a little child wore a dreamy expression. Margaret withdrew from her playmates, and grew addicted to silent musing. She seemed neither ill nor unhappy, but she was changed, and parents and nurse knew how the change had come.

Meanwhile, the slow sailing packet had brought news across the sea that Annie Brandon, spinster, had died at Brandon Grange on the very evening when young Margaret had been beckoned from her rattling music and had gone out through the open bay window to meet the Brandon ghost.

Chauncey drew his daughter to his side one evening as he sat on the balustrade of one of the many verandahs of the house. He encircled his child's waist with his arm, and said softly, "Have you any more wild fancies, my child?"

"I have no *fancies*, father," said Madge, seriously.

"But do you see the stranger, the woman that seemed to call you?"

"She is no *fancy*, father. Yes, I see her."

"Where? how often?"

"I cannot tell how often, and she comes to me everywhere. Sometimes she sits by my bed at nights; sometimes she follows me when I walk, or she calls me away to some room or some corner of the garden."

"Does she speak to you, touch you?"

"Oh no. She is satified when I come, and fades away."

"Are you afraid of her, Margaret?"

"No, father. But each time that she looks so at me I feel as if she drew a part of my life, my soul, something that is stronger in me, out to herself. Father, I am not the only one that has seen her. I know it, I feel it. Do you know, can you tell me, is she not some being that has lived years and years by drawing the strength of those like me with her eyes?"

"Margaret," said Chauncey, holding his child fast and shivering as he spoke, "she is a mother seen by the women of our race."

"And do they die young, father?" asked the girl, bending closer to him.

"No. I have known those that lived to be gray, and your aunt Annie was nearly as old as I am."

Though Mrs. Brandon could talk glibly to other people about the supernatural, predicating many things concerning spirits, she never spoke to her daughter of the Brandon ghost. Nurse preserved the same discreet silence, and Margaret never mentioned her strange inheritance unless her father questioned her, which he did at long intervals, with a sickening desire each time to hear that the Being came no more.

One person may possibly keep a secret, but when knowledge that should be hidden is possessed by several, it is apt in some way to be revealed. It may be that something a little singular in Margaret's appearance or actions called attention to her and led to discovery; at all events, whisperings of the Brandon ghost got abroad.

Now, ghosts are not so popular and respectable in America as in England: an heirloom of this kind, instead of being treated deferentially and excepted as a fact, like the family name and the family silver, is scoffed at as a dream of lunacy, and causes remarks concerning the beneficial effect of insane asylums and the general danger of having mad people abroad.

Moreover in England family servants, being well instructed and familiar with the prerogatives of high birth, have no fear that the aristocratic ghost will intrude upon their humble lives: they pursue the quiet tenor of their domestic duties, and leave their employers to the undisturbed possession of the hereditary spectre.

American servants, on the contrary, believe that they are part and parcel of all that occurs under the roof which shelters them. They decidedly object to the mysterious; they take frights not intended for them; they gossip most unmercifully, and politely inform the heads of the family that either the ghost or their own valuable services must be dispensed with. Now, a family ghost is real estate, entailed and untransferable, but American domestics are rolling stock, and for ever "suffer change."

Nor were the ways of servants the sum total of the Brandon troubles. Whispers crept abroad; there were looks cast askance, there was coolness in place of cordiality, a faint greeting instead of a warm grasp of the hand. While servants were hard to get, visitors became few, and Mrs. Brandon saw clearly that in spite of wealth, good temper, good health, culture and fair faces, her troop of daughters were likely to be unwed because of Margaret. These young people, trained in America, were not likely to feel at home in the land of their forefathers, and Chauncey himself utterly refused to return to Brandon Grange. Margaret, all unconsciously, was spoiling the prospects and marring the fortunes of her family, and her brothers and sisters took the same views as did strangers that Margaret was the victim of hereditary insanity. Even the mother was fain to admit that her eldest child was partially insane—that she was perhaps a monomaniac. Now that the ghost was disreputable and brought neglect and condemnation, Mrs. Brandon, with the facility of a shallow nature, rejected it. Moreover, when Margaret reached the age of twenty-three, a maiden still, and seemed standing in the way of her younger sisters, who were hindered on her account from finding husbands, Mrs. Brandon told her better half decidedly that a settlement must be found for Margaret. It was not to be expected that a lover would come to this girl as to others: she was fair, gentle, pleasing, with nothing strange about her but a wistful, yearning melancholy that could not be explained, and that obedience to invisible calls which at all times and in all places she would meekly follow.

Being of a narrow soul, Mrs. Brandon was not capable of great compassion, of undying devotion. Her child without doubt had become a burden to her. While Chauncey loved his first born not less than when for her sake he had expatriated himself, his life was now filled to such a degree with anxieties and perplexities, so harassed was he with the estrangement of friends, the fretfulness of his wife, the repining of his children, the desertion of his servants and the strangeness of his fated daughter, that existence was well nigh unendurable.

He undertook to find a husband for Margaret. The first individual upon whom he fixed his choice was a young iron merchant in a town twenty miles distant. He was an honest, agreeable, well born, and well managed young fellow, some two years Margaret's senior. There was no nervousness, no imagination, no susceptibility about him; he was a full blooded youth, with a mellow voice and an unfailing appetite for good dinners. With this excellent young person Chauncey's acquaintance grew; it was a terrible bowing of the English gentleman's proud soul to cultivate a friendship for such an end, and offer his daughter instead of having her asked for. But, as we have seen, Chauncey was a man who could do anything for the good of his family.

Meanwhile, the youthful merchant believed that his own merits caused him to be sought, and plumed himself upon his own fascinations. When, after having often spoken of his daughter, Chauncey offered her hand and her fortune to his new friend, that friend still fondly dreamed that his own innate goodness had secured him a wife and means to build up an extended and remunerative business. He accepted with alacrity. No sooner did he begin to speak of his prospects than kind friends related to him the facts of Margaret's insanity; wherever he went the rumor reached his unwilling ears. He had met Margaret, and she pleased him well, but a crazy woman, an heirloom of insanity for his future children, were more than he anticipated in agreeing to become Mr. Brandon's son-in-law. He was an honorable young man, and he went to Mr. Brandon frankly for an explanation.

Poor Chauncey! He bowed like a bulrush in a storm, then unfolded his family history.

The iron merchant shook his head; "I cannot believe in the supernatural, my dear sir. I have not the least faith in ghosts, but unfortunately, manias are hereditary. In marrying your daughter—and indeed I greatly admire her—I should take a burden which has proved too heavy for you—the burden of insanity—among my children."

Mr. Brandon could have combated this, but he would not press his cross upon other people. "Forgive me if I seem to have dealt unfairly by you," he said, "but indeed I have been sorely tried."

"Dear sir," answered the young man, "you have offered me a great honor and a great advantage; pardon me if I must decline it."

Thus the iron merchant passed out of Chauncey Brandon's life, and for the next few years the perplexed father made no further effort to marry off his daughter, and the domestic difficulties thickened.

Still, Mrs. Brandon urged a renewal of matrimonial offers in Margaret's behalf to some party who might be eligible, and Fate threw into Mrs. Brandon's neighborhood a young physician, Horace Merrill. Doctor Merrill loved nothing so well as books. Hampered by poverty, he had by great sacrifices obtained a classical and professional education, but he was the student rather than the physician. He adored theory, he abhorred practice. He longed to pursue his investigation in quiet, he loathed the exercise of his profession. He was refined in manner, kind of heart, a recluse by nature, but, being burdened by debts, was driven among men to toil for means to pay those debts. After months of acquaintance, he said one day to Chauncey, "I *detest* my business. I'd give anything, do anything, to get money enough to pay what I owe and live plainly in peace with my books."

"Is that so?" said Chauncey. "You are a good man, and I can trust you. I will give you my eldest girl and thirty thousand dollars. Most likely you have heard her history."

"I have heard it said that she was insane, but I do not think she looks so," said Dr. Merrill.

"She is no more insane than you or I, she has simply inherited a curse—she sees the Brandon ghost, but ghosts are unknown in America."

"I would like your version of the story," said the doctor.

"Hundreds of years ago, in the lawless feudal times," said Chauncey, "one of my ancestors carried off from her village home a lovely maiden, a widow's only child. He kept her a close prisoner in his house. He was rich and strong, the mother poor and weak; she could get no redress, could not recover her child; all she could do was to haunt the house, going about it day and night, crying and calling for her daughter. Heart broken mother, injured child and lawless Brandon died at last, but ever since, with the wild longing that she had for her child, that mother pursues the eldest daughters of the house. She can draw them with her eyes, it is as if they had filial feeling for her, as if her blood flowed in their veins and her milk had fed them. They obey her call, they go out to her longing eyes, as her imprisoned daughter could not do."

Doctor Merrill shook his head: "Insanity, transmitted to mother and daughter, and explained by a fanciful legend."

"You are mistaken: these eldest daughters are all childless. They die spinsters or wives that have never been mothers."

"But you say the crime was committed by a man. How unjust to imagine that Heaven would visit the wrong on the women of the race!"

Chauncy replied, as one who had often thought on the subject, "It is a compensation to the defrauded mother, thus to claim forever a daughter in our house. Moreover, the curse falls heaviest on the fathers, who see their daughters doomed. These women do not fear the Brandon ghost—it seems a part of themselves—but the fathers—Ah! I know their misery; and the tears ran down his face.

"A break in the chain of lives might destroy the visitation," said the doctor, musingly.

"There has been a break," said Chauncey. "My aunt, who saw this ghost, died ten months before my sister Annie was born; there was then no living daughter of the Brandons. During those months, in the calmest weather, winds wailed through the house, shook the walls, cried in the chimneys, sobbed along the entries and in lonely rooms, while not a leaf stirred nor a grass blade bent; and no blazing fires, no bursts of music, could banish the chilliness of the mourning cries. Then Annie was born, contention ceased and the vexed ghost of the Brandons had its own again. In earliest infancy the babe saw a presence by the cradle invisible to all beside. Its eyes, too young to answer to the smile of nurse or mother, responded to the longing glances of the Brandon ghost. The child in its nurse's lap began to stretch its arms to go to some one who beckoned, and having grown and gained its feet, it would turn its first steps to follow something wooing it across hall or sward. I cannot describe to you the longing, yearning look that always rested on Annie's face from infancy to girlhood, from girlhood to womanhood."

The doctor mused: "These daughters heard the story until it possessed them; the tale produced these results in them."

"No," said Chauncey. "With the sad memory of Annie's babyhood before me, I separated myself from home and friends, came where none knew our history, never permitted one word of it to be breathed, and Margaret was as innocent of all this story as a babe unborn, until on the very night when Annie died, she saw and followed the Brandon ghost."

"At all events," said Doctor Merrill, "if you and Margaret consent I will marry your daughter. Stay one moment: does this ghost ever touch its victims?"

"Yes; once—once only."

"And where?"

"At the hour of death—a mother's kiss."

The doctor married Margaret. They traveled here and there. He was kind and true, she was content; but still, through whatever change of scene, in spite of her husband's most learned discussions and profoundest theories, she saw the Brandon ghost. Doctor Merrill, with the most unanswerable arguments could prove that the ghost was a mere creature of the imagination. He demonstrated to Margaret that what she saw was simply her own dream photographed on the air. But he had never seen the ghost, and his arguments satisfied only himself.

Ten years passed by. Mrs. Brandon had seen all her daughters married, and her troubles seemed gone—gone with Margaret and the Presence. Doctor Merrill found the woes of the Brandons salted to his household. The curiosities and scandals, the outbreaks among servants, the interference and the avoidance, bore heavily upon him, and he resolved to return where Margaret's early history was known, and where some at least understood her. He bought a house near Chauncey's home.

People noted how Margaret had altered. Her hands were almost transparent, her figure fragile, there was a patient, waiting smile on her lips, a longing in her violent eyes. Poor Margaret! Strangers looking at this woman whispered that her husband was less than kind—that she moaned unceasingly because she was "childless among women." But her white-haired, father shook his head. He knew how in her veins throbbed, with a pain deadened, it is true, by the lapse of centuries, the ravished daughter's wild longing for her mother's arms; he knew how her slow pulse beat in accord with that mother's crying for her lost treasure. Still, the shadow of the unseen grew over Margaret's face. The ghost was nearer now; it stood close to her chair, and walked within the space where her shadow fell. Still, as the longing eyes drew more of her life, Margaret's small strength dwindled away. Now she kept her chair, and now her bed; and nearer than husband or nurse a watcher stood, unseen by all but Margaret. So she lay, and her life was ebbing like the tide; and now she lifted her weak arms suddenly, as if she held some neck in loving clasp, and the Brandon ghost had satisfied once again its mother-craving, had kissed her and she was gone!

The San Francisco *Bulletin* gives a resume of the wine crop of California for 1871. Grapes, with some trifling drawback from sun-burning, are extraordinarily abundant. The product of Los Angelos County is estimated at 1,250,000 gallons; Sonoma, 1,250,000; Napa, 500,000. The increase of production in the foot-hill counties is very great. The total vintage of the State is set down at 8,000,000 gallons, with from 180,000 to 200,000 gallons of brandy to be added. But vine growers this year are distilling less brandy than usual, on account of heavy Federal taxation, making a loss of the market heretofore used for this liquor.

"How to keep cider"—Cut it in slices about nine inches long, lay them out on the grass to bleach; then soak in a weak solution of lime and carbonate of soda, and hang up in a dry place near the chimney. This is safer than to drink it while sweet.

CHICAGO NEWSBOYS.

The Reception of Some of Them by the Newsboys of New York—Comparison of Notes—Unique Resolutions.

From the New York Herald.

A few evenings since eight newsboys of Chicago arrived in this city and sought shelter in the Newsboys' Lodging House, in Park Place. On Saturday six more arrived and went to the same home, and on Sunday four more. The ages of these youth were from sixteen to nineteen years. One of them, a lad of fifteen, had his face very much

SCORCHED BY THE FIRE,

and some of the others were disfigured to some extent from the same cause. Those who arrived on Friday night, left the next morning to seek friends in this city or in Brooklyn; the six who came on Saturday, with the four who arrived on Sunday, remained in the lodging house until Monday afternoon, when they too, left in pursuit of friends. The New York boys gave their brothers of the West a very cordial reception, and as far as their little means allowed, lavished upon them a generous welcome. The New York boys, all so much younger than the Chicagoans, were profuse in their expressions of sympathy, albeit uttered in the vernacular of the profession and poured out

VOLLEYS OF INQUIRIES

As to the state of trade in the ill-fated city. The usual sports of the evening were stopped immediately on the arrival of the immigrants, and each visitor, after a hearty meal, formed a center of attraction for a score of boys, each of whom had something to learn of the great fire. Sunday was a great oppurtonity for the exchanging of notes, it being comparatively a dull day, and the new arrivals of the evening previous were escorted to favorite haunts and lionized to an extraordinary degree. Those of the boys who had belonged to the boot-blacking profession very warmly discussed the depression of prices in that line, and though it was unanimously agreed upon that the profession should be on all occasions retained by

A "CHOKER" FEE,

yet, all things considered, it was deemed best just now not to enter upon that dangerous experiment, a "strike." The Chicagoans were loud in their admiration of Peter B. Sweeney, who, they said, deserved the presentation of a set of complimentary resolutions on account of his great services to the shine-em-up boys in beautifying the City Hall Park. Regrets were expressed that all the fountains were not in working order, as they are very inviting to customers. The Chicagoans urged upon their New York brothers to establish their headquarters around the fountain in front of the City Hall when completed, and not, under any circumstances, to yield their right on this point. It was also suggested that as many portable chairs as possible be provided, with a view to placing business on a footing more comfortable to ordinary mercantile pursuits. It was said that the experience of a series of years has demonstrated that "chairs are good." The newsboys learned with great satisfaction that the people of Chicago were

A NEWSPAPER READING COMMUNITY,

and did not stick at trifles. All that was necessary to do in case of small change was to delay a few minutes in procuring it, and the "gent" was sure to "get." Harmony among members of the profession was also an admirable feature in Chicago, everybody "working his own route" on the square and with no nonsense. The Chicago delegation was enlightened as to how trade stood in New York, and a comparative estimate given as to the daily receipts afforded by every evening paper in the city. Discussing these topics and similar ones the boys passed the day, and after a heavy supper at the lodging house in the evening, again resumed the entertainment. Cordial invitations were sent to the Chicagoans to join

THE HONORABLE BROTHERHOODS OF NEW YORK,

and assurances extended that a most friendly reception awaited them in the arena of competition. No decisive answer was given to the New Yorkers' offer but evidently the Chicago boys were deeply impressed with the tone and boyish bearing of their new acquaintances, and promised that if ever they should return to "that kind of business, New York city should be the theatre in which their ambition should have a chance.—When it was approaching bedtime, it was felt by New York that it was necessary to do something grand on an occasion like that then being celebrated, and why should not the newsboys have a say of sympathy as well as every other branch of business? This idea became so impressed upon the mind of one of the boys—a sort of leader of a set—that he summoned up courage, and rising, said:

Gentlemen—You know about the Chicago fire, and that these gentlemen (pointing to the ten Chicagoans) are sufferers. I now want to tell 'em that we're sorry for 'em. Our subscription list is making up, and I heard Mr. O'Connor say 'twill amount to $8 25, which they will get, though it's small and not as much as we'd like to. That's all I have to say, except that if these gentlemen stay here we'll post 'em.

Another boy—Billy, propose a resolution.

BILLY—I move that we're awful sorry for the sufferings of the newsboys and black a boots of Chicago, and that if they stay we must post 'em, and that we're sorry it aint more than $8 25.

Great applause followed from all the other boys.

One of the Chicago youths then rose, after some hesitation, and said:—

"Thankee, gents, for what ye've done, and if it weren't that we had to go and see some friends we'd like to stay. Maybe though we'll come back."

At this moment the Superintendent appeared on the scene, and this was the signal for the adjournment of the meeting *sine die*.

The boys then went to their "little beds" and to sound sleep. New Yorkers to dream of Chicago, and the Chicagoans of the great fire and their recent hardships.

Ex Congressman William D. Stokes, Supervisor of Internal Revenue for Tennessee, was arrested in Washington on Thursday, on his arrival, charged with defrauding the Government to the amount of $60,000. Being arraigned before Commissioner Johnson, he waived examination and gave bail in the sum of $15,000. It is said that Milton J. Powell, a clerk in the Second Auditor's office, is concerned in the same transaction.

EX-SECRETARY SEWARD.

His Adventures in China.

Some of the related incidents of Gov. Seward's travels around the world, and especially in China, are most interesting. He says:

Prince Kung and the Cabinet invited me to dinner immediately on my arrival in Pekin. I attended it with Admiral Rogers, the American Minister and others. It began at one o'clock P. M., and was elaborate vivacions and spirited, but not particularly political or intellectual. I don't know but it would have continued until this time, if I had been able to stand it. As it was, I got off between 4 and 5, apparently to the great disappointment of my official entertainers.

Three days afterward Prince Kung honored me with a visit, and dined with me at the Legation, where I reciprocated his compliment by placing him at my left hand instead of my right, entirely to his satisfaction. The conversation took an elevated tone. We discussed the Burlingame treaty and the relations of China with foreign nations. The Prince expressed the determination of the Ministry, so far as in their power, to bring China into intimate and equal relations of friendship and intercourse, not only with the United States, but with all the Western Powers.

The Governor continues:

The real great man of China is Wan Zang, who chiefly carried through the Burlingame mission, and established a university for the education of Chinese youth, by Western professors, in Western arts and sciences. A reaction which was really in the interest of the Chinese *literati* followed these measures, just as a similar reaction against the Burlingame treaty had obtained among the foreign residents in China. Wan Zang was ill and in temporary retirement, under a law which obliges every public servant on the death of his mother to go into absolute seclusion and mourning for one year. Filial affection, you know, is one of the five virtues recognized in Chinese morals. Wan Zang visited me, and we reduced into a personal friendship the cordial relations which we had entertained toward each other while I was in Washington.

In relation to the entertainment given by the Maharajah of Puttiala, Mr. Seward relates a pleasant incident. He says, in a monster procession in which I took part, my colored servant, William Freeman, was mounted on one of the fifty or sixty elephants like the rest of us, with the same appanage of silver ladder and gilded bowdah, and so bore a part in the procession through the streets of Puttiala as unostentatious as any of us who had derived our American citizenship by birth, instead of through the fifteenth amendment. On our arrival amid music and the noise of presented arms, Freeman coming up in the rear was unnoticed and left on his high elevation, while the party were entertained at the grand durbar. He neither knew how himself, nor had he an attendant who could make an elephant kneel to let him down. There was no one to present him with the necessary silver ladder, and there he was left perched on the back of the elephant. **The durbar was nearly over when** I discovered that he was absent. On inquiry I found that he was still in the palace yard on his high elevation, over the heads of the vast crowd, to their great surprise and his own sad mortification. the prince kindly sent out and brought him in, and gave him a seat at the durbar, which was more comfortable though less magnificent than the one from which he had just descended. I think Freeman did not care ever to mount an elephant afterwards.

DOOM OF THE DEMOCRACY.

Tammany the Jonah that Caused the Destruction.

From the New York Herald.

In 1868 the Tammany managers deliberately threw away the game of the Presidential election in order to make sure of New York City and State, and to lay thereon a solid political foundation for the Presidency in 1872. Six months ago, to all outward appearances, in the absolute possession of city and State, and city cash and city credit, with loudless resources at their command, the Tammany managers held in their hands the Democratic trump cards for the Presidential succession. Now, Tammany, as a political oligarchy, is demolished. Her prestige is gone, and her power to buy up legislatures and party conventions is taken away. She is in disgrace, and cut off from her supplies; she is only in a condition to permit our November election in the State and the city to go by default. Charged with election repeaters and with false counting of the ballots to any extent desired, the "Ring" have now no incentive, if they still had the power, to indulge in these amusements. The neglect of the "Ring" masters to get up a grand Tammany ratification of the Rochester Convention tells the story. Demoralized, disorganized, cut up into cliques and factions and shorn of their Tammany supplies, the Democrats of the city in this coming election will fall, on their State ticket, far behind their late crushing majorities, and the Republicans, from all the indications of the day, including these October elections, will recover this Fall the Empire State, State ticket and Legislature.

The argument and the results involved in these Pennsylvania and Ohio elections, in our judgment, settle this question. It will be remembered that in 1850, after these October State elections, the Democrats gave up the Presidential battle of November as lost, and the prospect is as decisively against them for 1872. It is remarkable in this connection that the very power, the central power of Tammany, upon which they have mainly relied for this coming Presidential contest, has proved the cause of their apparently hopeless collapse from Maine to California. But the case is very simple. The Democratic party of the Union, sharing in the honors and schemes of Tammany, must share in her disgrace until some atonement is made for her manifold sins and transgressions. Weighed in the balance and found wanting, the kingdom from Tammany has been taken away, and turned over to the Medes and Persians. In the midst of the impious feast of Belshazzar, with his lords and concubines, there came before his startled eyes that handwriting on the wall. In short, to all appearances, even New York is lost to the Democratic party, through the stupid excesses of Tammany, and the course is cleared and the way made easy for extension of four years to General Grant's careful and honest administration.

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. F. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1871.

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BRAZILIAN SLAVERY.

The South American States inherited a milder and more mitigated form of slavery than did the United States, and hence the antagonistic moral and political forces have not gone against it with the same violence which characterized their action in this country. When slavery died in this country, its death warrant was sealed in all the lands of the earth. Slowly, but surely, the Empire of Brazil has moved in the direction of abolition, until at last the news comes to us that a bill of emancipation has passed the Senate of that Empire and will be a law on receiving the Imperial sanction. The principal features of the bill are: That all children born of slaves after the date of its becoming a law, shall be held in all respects as though born of free mothers, save that they may be made to serve an apprenticeship until their twenty first year. For the benefit of the existing generation, the bill grants to all slaves the right to hold and inherit property, and to obtain liberation peremptorily on tender of the amount of official valuation. The bondmen of the Crown are freed immediately, while a fund of the taxes on the possession and transfer of slaves, of the profits of lotteries and of fines, is formed for an annual liberation of slaves under specified circumstances, including such as are not registered at a certain time.

Fifty years ago slavery seemed to be the strongest and most invincible institution in the world. Politics and governments seemed to be controlled by its demands. Now no nation so poor as to do it reverence, or even to bear the guilt and odium of connection with it. Up to the year 1845, Brazil was the great market for imported slaves. But the closing up of the American market, the glutting of the Spanish American States with slaves, and the constantly increasing peril, as well as the unprofitableness of the traffic, compelled its discontinuance. The United States not only became free since the Republican party gained power, but the power of its mighty government was turned against the diabolical trade. When ABRAHAM LINCOLN signed the death warrant of GORDON, the slave-trader, the death knell of the traffic in human beings was rung, and its echoes sounded all over the civilized world.

Brazilian emancipation will give liberty eventually to over a million and a half of negroes. Their emancipation brings with it all the rights of citizenship which the common people of any race enjoy. Color has never been the political and social barrier it has been in this country, and it will not be long until the last trace of this despicable and cruel institution will have passed away from all the nations of the earth. Cuba and Porto Rico are about the only places in which its foul presence is acknowledged on this continent.

The measure of emancipation adopted is not the one which American emancipationists would prefer to have adopted. But freedom has always been within reach of the more energetic of the slaves in Brazil, and the rigor of the system was never so intense as in this land. The reform will not go backward, and there are no tendencies to give this change a backward direction. We live in the era of universal liberty. The masses are rising in their strength. Despotisms are tottering, and the rights of man are now more sacredly regarded than ever before in the history of the race.

COMING HOME AGAIN.

A Brazilian correspondent of one of the eastern papers announces the departure from Rio Janeiro of the last of that number of Southern colonists, who, after the defeat of the rebellion, refused to live under the stars and stripes, and resolved to seek the comfort and blessings which only a slaveholding empire could give. The greater part of the colony required only a few months' residence in Brazil to convince them of the great mistake they had made, and they soon returned. A few, however, maintained their Southern temper and grit, and succeeded in nursing their antipathies to the "Yankees" until the present time. The last of the foolish, infatuated rebel colony is now homeward bound, wiser and sadder than when they left. It is to be hoped that they will be able to teach the malcontents, who still stir up discontent at the South, the value of the institutions under which they live, but which many of them hate and affect to despise.

These men were not in any dread or danger to hasten their leaving. They were simply the victims of southern ignorance, prejudice and hot temper. They have had a lesson in the hard school of experience which they will be the better for. Not only has the government been merciful towards the rebels, but the South has grown rapidly in wealth as the result of the subjugation of the rebellion and the abolition of slavery. That its growth has not been double what it has reached is the fault of the mad-caps who repel from the South the capital and energy it needs for the development of its resources and the increase of its population. If all the fanatics had gone to Brazil at the close of the war we should now have a brighter hope for the future of the south.

SENATOR SCHURZ'S NEW PARTY

There are those who think that no task is easier than to make a new sect in religion, or a new party in politics. There are not wanting men who have an insane ambition for conjuring up new sects and parties, and among these, there is perhaps one in a thousand who has a sort of talent or aptitude for the task. Such men usually do a good deal of mischief, if nothing else. We regret, therefore, to observe that Senator SCHURZ has evinced a strong disposition to try his hand at the manufacture of a new political party. The distinguished services of this Senator for the cause of freedom, both in the land of his birth, and that of his adoption have given to him a large claim on our gratitude, while his scholarship, statesmanship and eloquence, have always compelled our admiration. But it is not consistent with his position to be tinkering and cobbling up platforms, with a view to coaxing a majority of the American people to stand upon his handiwork. No man ever yet succeeded in such a task. Men have made little factions and run them for a season, but a great and conquering party, such as Mr. SCHURZ hopes to call into being, must be the product of events and of forces which are too massive in their proportions, and of a momentum too overpowering, for any man to assume direction of them.

But we accord to the Missouri Senator the right to make this experiment if he chooses. Let us see what kind of a party he proposes to form. In his Louisville speech he professes dissatisfaction with both parties, the Democratic and the Republican, and asks the voters of each to rally about the following creed, and make a new and powerful political organization:

1. The protection of the rights of every citizen, in accordance with the Constitution as it is.
2. The discountenance of useless agitation of past issues.
3. The restoration of fraternal feelings and relations with the people of the North.
4. The dissemination of constitutional principles, and the inculcation of an earnest, abiding faith in the genius of free institutions, and their eventual success in all quarters of the globe.
5. The maintenance of law and order.
6. The promotion and encouragement of immigration.
7. The establishment of an efficient system of general education.
8. The exposition of, and strict adherence to, the principles of local self-government, and the promotion among the people of those feelings and convictions which will cause them, through the operation of local self-government, to establish a state of things which will no longer furnish a reason or a pretext for the interference of the central government in local affairs.
9. General amnesty.
10. Opposition to repudiation in every form.
11. The modification of the present tariff system to a revenue basis.
12. Reduction of taxation.
13. Civil Service reform, and—
Lastly, to support men of uprightness, merit and liberality, regardless of political antecedents.

The first, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth of these propositions, are already fundamental portions of the Republican creed, and are the portions to which the Democratic party is at heart and by conviction bitterly opposed. Here is the first difficulty which this platform maker is destined to encounter.

But there are planks in this platform of a less creditable and less patriotic origin than those referred to above. The second of the above planks has a familiar sound, as it has been rung into our ears from every Democratic stump in the land, namely: "The discontinuance of *useless agitation of past issues*." The "past issues" which the Republican party has "agitated" will ever be fresh, living and important while human nature remains what it is, and despots seek to destroy human rights and liberties. The occasion for the agitation of such issues is not likely soon to pass out of existence. There is no part of the history of the great struggle for freedom in this country which we wish to forget, or upon which we are disposed to be silent. The feelings which are likely to be wounded by references to its past victories belong to people that it is dangerous to conciliate, and whom the country can not trust without bringing peril upon itself. We would not purchase the most brilliant political successes at the cost of silence in regard to the "issues" the great Republican party has so nobly contested with its enemies.

Senator SCHURZ has compounded his dose from the doctrines and measures of the two antagonistic parties in as near equal proportions as he could get them, and the product must be a kind of neutral salt, which he will find to be of little value or profit. His second plank neutralizes the patriotic feeling of every man who goes into the new organization; and forbids him to defend the record of the glorious party and army of freedom. Democrats, of course, desire to forget the record of the party which obstructed the progress of the loyal cause, and proclaimed the war a failure. But no patriotic Republican can ever enter into a covenant to seal his lips in silence when the glorious achievements of his party shall be called in question by its opposers.

The third plank in this platform expresses a desire that fraternal feelings between the people of the North and South shall be restored. That fraternal good will and kindly intercourse has not been perfectly restored is no fault of the Northern people. They have as strong a desire to be on good terms with the people of Georgia and South Carolina, as with those of Iowa or California. It is to our interest to have social and commercial relations fully restored, at the earliest moment. But we can not purchase even the good will of Southern ex-rebels at too great a cost. We never repel Southern men from our midst with armed bands of midnight assassins. The South must call off its political banditti from the hunt for "carpet baggers" and for men who dare to vote differently from themselves. Out of this grows all the force there is in the specious and demagogical eighth plank of this high-mixed platform. The Southern States had a fair chance to suppress violence and secure the Northern men sojourning there the full measure of their rights. But they neglected to do so. In many cases the courts of justice became the engines of oppression and persecution. Then, of course, the general government was bound to assert its prerogatives to protect the rights of its citizens. It is absurd to claim that the general government may not protect a citizen of Ohio sojourning in North Carolina, from outrages which if committed upon one of our citizens residing under a foreign flag would call for a war between the two nations. And yet against this peace-preserving power exercised by the government this new party would enter a protest.

The remaining Democratic planks of this platform are general amnesty and a revenue tariff. These are not party questions, nor can the American people, at this time, run party lines on either of them. We may trust the common sense of those in charge of the government to determine when general amnesty should be declared and when the tariff should be materially modified. We are in no haste for amnesty for the leading rebels. We have no desire to hear the crack of their whips in Congress again. If the present generation of rebels should die as did the treacherous Israelites in the desert, before a general amnesty is declared, the country will not suffer loss in consequence.

No party will ever be formed on this jumble of good and evil, and if a faction should ever gather upon it it will share the fate of all compromises which barter away essential principle for temporary success. It is neither cold or hot, and the people will spue it out of their mouths. Like a cake unturned and half baked, it will not be relished at our political feasts. What the Democracy accept in the above platform, the Republicans must on principle reject, and what pleases them in it, the Democrats cannot be agreed to. Even their own little homeopathic dose of New Departure almost caused the party to pass off in convulsions before the recent elections How can it swallow the crude, huge doses of Republicanism which Senator SCHURZ would mingle with their potion of State rights, general amnesty, and free trade?

THE GENEVA BOARD OF ARBITRATION.

This morning's dispatches announce the appointment of Baron DE ITAJUBA, by the Emperor of Brazil, as a member of the Geneva Board of Arbitration.—This appointment completes the Board as provided for by the Treaty of Washington. The Board must now convene at Geneva in about six weeks. Under the provisions of the treaty, the governments of the United States and Great Britain are each to deliver to the tribunal, on the 16th of December of the present year, a statement of its views concerning the controversy between them. Four months afterward the two governments are to deliver to the arbitrators, their respective counter-statements in response to the previous statements, and in two months thereafter, each government is to present a final argument or summing up of the whole case. These statements are all to be written or printed, but should the tribunal require any further elucidation with regard to points in dispute, another argument, either oral or in writing, may be made by the counsel of the respective countries. The final decision of the arbitrators is to be rendered within three months from the close of the arguments.

Baron DE ITAJUBA was formerly a Professor of Law, and has been Consul General for Brazil at Hamburg, Minister to Prussia, and afterwards to France. From his antecedents we have every reason to believe him well qualified for this delicate and responsible position.

NATIONAL LIBERALITY TOWARD CHICAGO.

Advices from Washington are to the effect that the officers of the government will, in their annual reports, recommend the most liberal appropriations to restore the government buildings destroyed by fire in the city of Chicago. The members of Congress now in Washington from the east and south, are as hearty in promising support to such appropriations as are the western members. The probability is that they will be restored on a more magnificent scale than the original buildings were constructed. This will give employment to thousands of laboring men and do much to set the wheels of business in motion once more. It is stated that a proposition has already been submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury, to recommend to Congress the purchase of an entire square near the former site of the Custom House and Postoffice, whereon to erect all the public buildings for the city. The proposition is said to call for four million dollars wherewith to replace the buildings destroyed. This is the best and most practical shape that the generosity of the General Government can take toward the stricken city.

LABORS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

Though hampered by the limits of the rather vague and ambiguous bill by which the Civil Service Commission was constituted, and still more by the legal opinion of Attorney General AKERMAN, the members are still prosecuting their work, with a view to lay before Congress and the country a well-matured and practical scheme of reform. The work of reform will require time and we have no doubt the labors of this body will do much to inform the public mind, and to secure a well matured plan of procedure.

It was fortunate that a Commission was appointed to consider this question at all, seeing that hosts of demagogues were anxiously waiting a chance to strangle any proposition looking toward a beneficial change. The hope of the Republican party, as well as its duty, lies in the direction of accomplishing the objects aimed at in the raising of this Commission. The evil is not one of parties—it is one inherent in the usages of the government. The evil must be pursued to its source, and such changes made as will place the working machinery of the government on a safe and business-like foundation.

PRECAUTION AGAINST FIRE.

And still the fearful and perilous drouth continues. Forest fires are raging all over the country, endangering and destroying fences, barns, dwellings, crops and, in some instances, even the soil itself. In the vicinity of Railroads the danger from sparks thrown off by passing locomotives is at all times very great. Wells are drying up and cisterns becoming exhausted. For several days high winds have prevailed, and it is not without many anxious fears that the dwellers in both town and country retire to their beds at night.

These facts suggest the duty and necessity of uncommon care in the handling of fire, and the necessity of extra precautions and watchfulness against its breaking out.

The authorities of this city have acted with a commendable thoughtfulness in doubling the fire patrol. We have reason to be thankful for the volunteer force which has enabled our citizens to rest during the night with a greater sense of security than they could otherwise have done.

☞ We learn from the Columbus papers that Colonel DEAN, of the United States Coast Survey, has been for some time engaged in taking observations in the Capitol Square in that city with a view to determine the present latitude and longitude of Columbus as differing from that of Washington and Greenwich. The approximate results obtained by him are as follows: Longitude west from Washington, 5 degrees, 26 minutes and 30 seconds; west from Greenwich, 82 degrees, 59 minutes and 37 seconds. Latitude north 39 degrees, 59 minutes and 40 seconds. Declination of magnetic needle east 1 degree and 20 minutes; Dip of magnetic needle 71 degrees and 13 minutes. The difference of time between Washington and Greenwich, as ascertained in 1866, is 5 hours, 8 minutes and 12-45 seconds. During his work Colonel DEAN was in direct communication with the observatory at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and one of the results of his work determines that Columbus is nearer Boston three miles than previously understood. In addition to the observations establishing the true latitude and longitude a meridian line was determined and established and its true parallel marked by the sinking of two stone pillars in the square.

☞ Articles of consolidation by and between the North American Railroad Company and the New York and Western Railway Company forming the New York and Western Railway Company, have been filed at the office of the Secretary of State, at Columbus. The roads thus consolidated extend from New London, Huron county, to Council Bluffs, Iowa, crossing the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The principal office is at Tiffin. It has forty millions dollars of capital. This consolidation will revive and we trust carry forward a railway project which came to a stand still in 1857, after grading a considerable portion of its track, to the great disappointment and serious loss of the towns and people along the line.

☞ On Saturday Gen. SHERIDAN, in response to the appeal of Gov. FAIRCHILD for relief for the sufferers from forest fires in Wisconsin, at once issued orders for the despatch of four thousand army blankets, two thousand overcoats and one hundred wagons for their relief. These are the very supplies most needed by those exposed and suffering people—blankets for the poor women and children, overcoats for the men, and wagons which will serve as houses for homeless families until cabins can be provided for them for the winter.

GOSSIP.

Sam Houston, Jr., is a district school supervisor in Texas.

Nelaton, the greatest surgeon in France, intends to go and be the greatest surgeon in London.

Equality on railroads, steamboats, and at hotels is claimed by the negroes in Norfolk, and is the issue in the coming municipal election.

Darwin is engaged on a work in which the facial expression of animals will be one of the chief topics discussed.

A Chicago merchant who lost all his books in a "chilled iron" safe, remarked that it was due, he supposed from the fact that the fire took the chill all out.

It is asserted that no Democrat has ever been murdered for his political opinions in this country, North or South.

Mayor Mason has appointed Sunday, October 29, to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer in Chicago.

The lady teachers of Troy want an increase of salary. They now average about $375 per annum.

An enthusiastic editor, speaking of a new *prima donna*, says: "Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop-shop pantaloons."

A Boston paper calls Walt Whitman's latest poetic effusion a "shattered catalogue of words."

Whenever General O'Neill goes to work to secure Ireland's liberty he invariably loses his own.

Dr. Livingstone has died so many times these last few years that people are beginning to call him Dr. Dyingstone.

The happiest company ever assembled in an Indiana hotel was composed of thirteen divorced couples.

The Governor-General of Canada has telegraphed that he will meet President Grant at Portland on the 17th instant.

Arrangements have been made in Cincinnati for receiving 200 destitute children from Chicago.

The Washington postoffice has already transmitted money orders to all parts of the world under the new regulations.

Father Benjamin C. Paddock, the oldest minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church but one, died in New Jersey recently.

Boss Tweed has made a speech in his own defense a quarter of a column long. He is worth ten million dollars, and sleeps well at night.

Little Rose Hersee has made a big hit singing in opera in London. Some of those English lords will be likely to compel her to stay on that side of the water.

One Vermont man has sued another for damages in giving his family the small pox.

Relics of the siege of Paris are for sale in New York.

The Commune is still an object of terror in Paris.

A Texas paper publishes marriage notices under the head of "Lost."

Virginia has as much coal and iron as Pennsylvania.

People call for a law compelling insurance companies doing business in this State to publish quarterly statements.

A bar of silver as heavy as a barrel of pork has been presented to the Pope by California friends.

A Jersey City dentist gave a man forty gallons of laughing gas before the molar would come out.

Hydrate of chloral has been tried as a cure for rattlesnake bites, and proved in one case to be a cure.

Nilsson has recently lost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by fire, divided between Paris and Chicago.

Sixty New York druggists have been refused licenses for not knowing enough to kill a customer decently.

Stewart, the New York dry goods king, is preparing to give the Grand Duke Alexis a splendid banquet at his new marble palace on Fifth Avenue.

James E. Murdock, the elocutionist, has been engaged to give Sunday evening readings at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

The Italians of New York City have formed a bureau of immigration and a society to assist Italians in settling lands in the West and South.

Some young Americans in Constantinople have begun the publication of a periodical in their own language, to which they have given the name of "Arrrat."

Mr. Tilton says, in the *Golden Age* that "the *Tribune* is morally dead." An exchange says, "Yes, and Tilton is immorally dead—that's the difference."

On dit, that the great Strauss is coming to the United States this fall, with his celebrated orchestra of sixty-two musicians, to make a tour through this country.

The Crosby Opera House, in Chicago, now a mass of ruins, was the highest prize in that gigantic raffle. We tremble to think that we might have drawn it.—*Courier-Journal*.

At the Kansas City Exposition, on Saturday, the principal feature was a baby show for a one hundred dollar prize. One hundred babies competed. The prize was awarded to a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levridge, formerly of St. Louis.

Mr. H. B. Claflin, the well known dry goods merchant of New York, has given $1,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals.

The Hahnemann Life Insurance Company has consolidated with the Republic Company. The reason assigned is that there are too many life insurance companies in existence for the good either of the companies or policy holders.

Ida Lewis, though now Mrs. Wilson, still sticks to her maiden name. Through devotion to her aged mother she still resides at Lime Rocks, in the vicinity of which she has saved so many lives.

The Hague, political capital of Holland, is reported to be the wealthiest town, for its population, in the world. At least one-third of its citizens are said to be rich enough to live entirely on their incomes.

Mr William Ink, of New Hampshire, is now 104 years old. If his parents ever dreamed that he was going to be so hard to rub out they would doubtless have named him indelible.

President Thiers has carefully adopted the very means employed by his kingly and imperial predecessors to weaken and prostrate their government—the persecution of the press. Opinions live while political powers die.

The radical journals of Paris are bitterly hostile to the appointment of M. Perier as Minister of the Interior. They accuse M. Thiers of pretending to conduct a republican government without the assistance or advice of republicans.

The Newcastle (England) strike is as far from settlement as ever. The masters refuse to re-employ the old workmen, and the employers decline all concession in price or time unless they secure the skill of the old workmen.

A six-hundred-pound shot, fired from H. B. M. S. Monarch, while the gunners were engaged in target practice, struck the mizzenmast of the vessel itself. Such practice shows great perfection in the art of gunnery. They will soon have to protect the sailors from the effects of their own firing.

Unprotected female (waking old gent, who is not very well)—"O Mister, would you find the Captain? I'm sure we're in danger. I've been watching that man at the wheel; he keeps turning it round first one way and then the other, and evidently doesn't know his own mind."

The manufacturers in Lowell, Massachusetts, have agreed to pay their hands hereafter by the hour instead of the day, leaving it at the option of the latter whether they will work less than eight or more than ten hours per day.

The kind-hearted newspaper editors of New York are getting ready to make war upon one of their number, who is charged with having procured an unlawful divorce from a good wife in order to wed a bad woman, and the man isn't Brick Pomeroy. Those New York editors are nice fellows.

Two noted English patent agents are now in Washington for the purpose of thoroughly investigating our patent system and making themselves familiar with all its details, with a view of endeavoring to induce Parliament to throw aside the cumbrous British system and substitute the main features of the American system.

The Amherst College students have been discussing the question of admitting women to the institution. Most of them are opposed to the movement, believing that it will necessitate an increase of burdensome rules and laws, tend to draw men from the severe studies necessary to success, and surely lead to a lowering of the standard of the college course.

We never found so much difficulty in clipping and stealing from our exchanges as we do now. They have nothing but Chicago in them, and no variety whatever in that.

Many are disposed to give thanks to Tweed, Sweeney & Co., the New York Tammany thieves, for their powerful aid in carrying the Pennsylvania and Ohio elections in favor of the Republicans.

The extraordinary sum of $75,000 was obtained in two weeks from the Caledonia gold reef in New Zealand. Considerably more than a ton of gold was extracted from 500 tons of quartz.

A scarcity of small change in Indiana is attributed to its being sent to the heathen through church collections.

Mr. Thomas Ewing, Senior, of Ohio, is seriously ill. He is eighty-one years old, and his friends fear that he will not recover.

The handsome house of the late Benjamin Nathan in New York city has remained tenantless since the murder of Mr. Nathan. It is said no good tenant can be found, and that the dwelling, which was worth $10,000 a year, could not be rented to-day for half that sum.

Michael Phelan, the billiard player, went to England from Ireland when a young man, ostensibly in the interest of billiards, but really to work for the independence of Ireland. Failing, he fled and landed in San Francisco almost penniless. In his last great contest, $500,000 were bet on his success.

Escaping from confinement is not so popular among the convicts in New Caledonia as at Sing Sing. A woman who tried it a few weeks since was overtaken by the natives and cannibalized.

"Oldest inhabitants" are so numerous in Washington that there is an association of them, who meet once a month, with spectacles and ear-trumpets, to talk about the way things used to be.

On the corner of a street intersecting Michigan avenue, Chicago, a board still clings to a tree, having painted on it, "This house for sale." It would take a telescope of considerable power to find that house. Some joker nailed to a broken telegraph pole on which was painted "One thousand acres of this unimproved land for sale at $1.25 per acre. Inquire next door."

A good story is told of a popular railroad conductor, recently chosen deacon of a church in Middlesex county, Massachusetts. A few Sundays ago it became his duty to assist in taking up a collection. He surprised the congregation by starting out with the characteristic ejaculation, "Tickets, gentlemen!" The contribution that day was unusually large.

A novel obstruction to the spread of civilization to China is reported. A branch of the new system of cable telegraphy has actually been taken up and stolen by the Chinese. This is the very latest style of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain which we have had of the Heathen Chinee.

"Weighed in the philosopher's scales," says the Springfield *Republican*, "the largest sum contributed to the Chicago relief fund in this city is from a little Irish boy. He possessed no money, but he had a toy whip, the pride of his heart, dear as the apple of his eye, and this he sold for ten cents, and cast his mite into the treasury of charity."

Robert Collyer, the Chicago clergyman, was forced to move several times, with his family, during the fire. His son was to have been married on the Monday night of the fire, and the pluck of the young people did not fail, only it took all day next day to procure the needed license, it being necessary to hunt for Mistress Justice through the ruins of the burned city. The young couple start out in life pluckily.

Thurlow Weed served on the frontier in the war of 1812, and has accordingly recently received a warrant entitling him to a pension of $8 per month from the 4th of February, 1871, as a private in Captain Seward's company of New York militia. The pension was procured under a late law by the commissioner for Mr. Weed and without his knowledge. Mr. Weed, with characteristic generosity, at once dedicated the avails of his pension to the needs of an old comrade, to whom the check received on Saturday from Washington was paid on Sunday.

A rural New York youth lately went to claim his bride and conduct her to the altar, only to find that she had eloped with another fellow the previous night. He did not tear his hair any, but just remarked: "By Jove, I'm glad she was married last night, instead of to-night, if she is of that disposition."

Louisa Muhlbach, whose latest novel, "Herr Thomas' Wife," was begun in the last number of Appleton's *Journal*, has sued a German press writer for libel in charging her with deceiving the public, by pretending to have been invited to Egypt by the Khedive, and laid her damages at four thousand thalers.

When an ox refuses to pull in Columbus, Ga., some inventive genius catches a cat and suspends it by the tail over the back of the obstinate brute. The laws are a sufficient incentive to business. The students of Columbus call it "ox baging."

News comes that the bridge over Salt River Kentucky, has been destroyed. It is unfortunate that any obstruction should take place in that interesting stream, up which so many travelers from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Iowa are about to proceed.

DOUBLE MURDER.

A Man Kills His Wife and Child at Ann Arbor.

(Correspondence of the Detroit Free Press.)

ANN ARBOR, Oct. 23.—A terrible and unnatural murder was committed in this place last night between the hours of ten and twelve, terminating the existence of two human beings.

THE VICTIMS

were Henrietta Wagner and her child, a little boy about three years of age, and the murderer was Henry Wagner, the husband of the former and the stepfather of the latter. Mrs. Wagner was a partner in a fancy store, No. 4, Washington street, with another lady, Mary Miley. The murderer was a painter by trade.

After committing the murder Wagner went to the jail and stayed there all night saying he was unwell.

The next morning he went away and meeting his brother, told him he was afraid he had killed his wife. An officer was called who went and opened the house.

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

A spectacle met his eye that nearly froze his blood. In the room in the rear of the store, which was occupied by the deceased and Wagner as their living room, and in which was their bed, at the side of the bed lay Mrs. Wagner in her night dress, lying on her side, her feet extending under the bed a short distance; one arm was thrown under her and the other thrown over and upward toward her head; her head was one mass of pounded flesh and bone; from it had flowed half a gallon of blood; around her were spatters of blood, and clots of bloody gore covered her night clothes. Near her head lay the murderous weapon, a common hatchet, and that too was stained with blood.

STILL MORE HORRIBLE.

The officer had been in the room several minutes, almost paralyzed by the sight, when he heard a slight noise on the bed, and, turning back the clothes, a spectacle worse even than the other, was before him. There lay a little boy, Oscar Wagner, about three years old, his head all pounded with the same weapon of death. The little boy was still alive, but the woman was cold and still.

Coroner Reck was notified and took charge of the bodies. An excited crowd soon gathered around the building, and threats of lynching were made.

THE FAMILY ANTECEDENTS.

The parties are Germans, who have been in this country about three years, and in Ann Arbor only since July last. They were married since they came here. They have lived unhappily together at times. Mrs. Wagner was a very pretty woman of slight build and well proportioned form. Oscar Wagner was the child of the deceased by a former husband, a brother of the murderer, and was born in Germany. He was a remarkably pretty boy, with fair features, blue eyes and flaxen hair.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MURDERER.

Your correspondent visited the murderer in the jail. He is a Prussian by birth, a small man, twenty-four years of age, and not at all a bad or repulsive looking man, though he looks as if possessed of a fiery temper. He was very willing to tell all about the murder, as well as he could, considering that he does not speak English well. He said: "I have had some trouble with my wife, and we have had some quarrels. Once when I accidentally threw some wash water on the boy, she came at me and caught me by the hair, called me a dog, and told me to leave the house and never be seen there again. Notwithstanding these differences I have always

LOVED MY WIFE VERY DEARLY.

"For the past two or three days we have lived most happily; she never seemed to love me so much. Last night she went to bed, I don't know at what time. I said to her, good night, and went to bed to kiss her, when she spit in my face and kicked at me, saying, go away, you are a crazy man, and I can't live with a crazy man. I said to her, give me my money and I will go. She said nothing to this. I then went and got the money and started to leave, when she jumped up and said, I will cut you in pieces before you go with that money. That made me very angry, and I

TOOK THE HATCHET

from the wood-box and went toward her. She jumped at me and called me a dog, and told me to leave the house. I kept brandishing the hatchet to frighten her. She and the child both cried fire and murder, and she clutched me by the throat. I hit her accidentally. She fell right down and said: "O, My," and groaned. When I saw what I had done, that she was hurt so she could never get well, I thought I would put an end to her life, and

STRUCK HER SEVERAL TIMES.

After this I remember nothing. I seemed to see my wife before my eyes all the time, I don't remember striking the boy at all. I only remember putting out the light and locking the door. I went out in the street, but I could not go anywhere where I did not see my wife just as I struck her, lying before my eyes.

THE INQUEST.

An inquest was held on the body of Mrs. Wagner this afternoon.

The surgeons testified that there were six wounds on the head, the largest was about two inches and a half long, and the brain was protruding from the wound, and all were probably caused by the blunt end of the hatchet. She was probably struck while sitting on the bed.

The jury brought in their verdict that she came to her death at the hands of Henry Wagner.

INQUEST OF THE BOY.

Nothing further was elicited at the second inquest than has been already stated except that five blows had been struck on the left side of the head with the head of the hatchet, any one of which would probably have caused death. R.

Alluding to the United States loan, one of the English papers says: "A government which has within five years redeemed nearly five hundred millions of the obligations created in the conduct of a great war, and which has at the same time largely cut down the fiscal burdens of the people, stands in a position which investors know how to appreciate."

RHEOMOGYNON
HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

AMERICAN LADIES.

A good complexion is one of the chief points of beauty, which all women have a natural and laudable desire to possess, and to aid in procuring or preserving this mark of comeliness various preparations have been in use among the softer sex since the earliest times. The Greek origin of our English word cosmetic was applied to any preparation designed to improve the complexion, by [illegible] the stain with which and white.—Among the Romans there was a class of slaves (cosmetæ) whose special duty it was to dress and adorn their mistresses' [illegible], as their name implies, the artistic application of the cosmetics. The employment of these artificial aids to beauty has therefore the sanction of antiquity; and when they are skillfully prepared, of simple and harmless materials, there seems to be no serious objection to their use in due moderation. Of the great number of modern preparations for this purpose, we know of none which combines so many of the essentials of a perfect cosmetic, as the Bloom of Youth, prepared by Mr. GEORGE W. LAIRD, of New York. Its fragrance renders it a delightful addition to the toilet, while its tendency to preserve the beauty and complexion and repair the ravages of time and exposure, it removes all tan, sunburn or freckles, as can be applied without fear of any injurious effects.

Sold at all Druggists' and Fancy Goods Dealers.

BLOOM OF YOUTH
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

Correspondence.

Letter from Washington.

From our Lady Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21, 1871.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad brought me back in safety to the Capital last week. This Road is considered one of the safest in the country, while at the same time, by it's perfect connections, it is able to make most rapid time. Besides, the picturesqueness of scenery, through which it passes on the way to Washington, adds a charm to all lovers of the beautiful.

At Monroeville I waited several hours for the purpose of taking the night express, that I might cross the mountains by daylight. Waiting in depots is always disagreeable, but this is remedied there by the pleasant people who keep the Bergen House for the accommodation of travelers. We dislike officious people, but polite attentions, though from strangers, adds a cheerful feeling, even to long hours of weary waiting. We saunter through the town, walking over the crisp yellow leaves, feasting eyes and mind on the ripened fullness of rich October. We even climb a fence or two, that we may fill our hands with the mottled wealth of the maple, thereby doubtless leaving the impression in the minds of the good and staid that a crazy woman has been among them.

At half past seven, the longed for train comes thundering by; we step aboard, and away we speed into the night. The hours pass, and one by one, our fellow travelers drop off to sleep. The baby, who screamed so lustily and struggled in his mother's arms, shuts his peepers and forgets his trouble, while the mother drops her weary head over him and dreams. Even the burly man across the way, who talked so loudly and so long, to our great satisfaction, subsides into unconsciousness. The continuous motion of the car lulls us, and with an overcoat for a pillow (thanks to the kindly gentleman who gave it,) the arms of Morpheus hold us.

We change cars at Newark, with a little delay occasioned by a collision on the Pan Handle Road, in which the conductor was killed. A woman, evidently pleased to be able to say something disagreeable, in answer to the inquiry as to how long we should probably be detained there, said, "I presume you will have to wait until 11 o'clock tomorrow," and her look said good enough for you. Not a cheering prospect to a stranger in a strange place at midnight. We kept our temper, but asked no more questions, resolved to brave it out with the best of them. Fortunately, her prediction was unfulfilled, and after a half hour of waiting, which seemed brief enough (being prepared for almost anything), we are again on our way, steaming along at a rapid rate. "To sleep, to dream," and only waken in the early morning, just before crossing the Ohio river. Down we look into the busy town of Benwood, and see the streets damp with the recent rains, a pleasant sight to behold, after the long continued drouth and dust of Toledo.

And now we enter the hill country. The first snow of the season lies white upon the mountain tops, and sparkles and flashes into a thousand prismatic hues in the rays of the bright morning sun.

The autumn foliage, stretching away in shady valleys, and climbing the mountain sides even to their very summits, catching the sunshine, glows with a wealth of coloring, a glory of scarlet and crimson and gold more gorgeous than the tapestry of kings.

We take the benediction of the morning, and thank our Father for the glimpses of His Majesty revealed to us in His wonderful works. There is something so abiding, fixed, typical of the Infinite in the mighty hills, that I cannot wonder that they were the chosen places where God met his people in the olden time. I think that Moses, ever after he had stood face to face with Jehovah, on the summit of Mount Sinai was a humbler man, that instead of being puffed up with pride on account of his unparalleled exaltation, he, on Sinai's height, must have learned the littleness of all things human. And so, from the Mount of Transfiguration, the three favored witnesses of Christ's glory, carried hence such love and reverence as to make even martyrdom a joy. Stupendous nature awes us. Art, we look upon with delight, and almost reverence, but the reproduction—the second-hand work pales before the primal creation. The one, by arduous effort, we may equal or perhaps excel. The other we can copy but in semblance.

Of the remainder of my journey I have but little to say, a throbbing sick headache being not conducive to an elevated frame of mind. It was a comfort to take a sleeping car at Grafton, (one of Pullman's elegant drawing room cars, which brought us through without change,) and lie quietly with closed eyes the rest of the way.

We remember seasons of pain and sickness with much satisfaction, because of the assiduous kindness of our friends; and so the last twelve hours of my journey, though accompanied with suffering, and great weariness, was rendered more endurable by the polite and delicate attention of the gentlemanly conductors. I give them thanks for their pains-taking and kindness.

Cumberland, where we stopped for supper, is built in a romantic little valley, hedged in on all sides by the mountains. Harpers Ferry, picturesque and wild, is always interesting because of the prophetic tragedy enacted there twelve years ago, in which that brave old man, "whose soul is marching on," acted so large a part. With the Potomac river flowing by, situated in a narrow gorge, with frowning heights on either hand, this little town is wildly beautiful. The house from which John Brown was taken prisoner, was pointed out to me. A small structure, with something like an observatory on top.

Washington is not dull at present, as many of you Northerners imagine. The Washingtonians have the minds and hearts to appreciate other things than the dissipations and frivolities of fashionable life. And now, when the American heart aches everywhere in grand sympathy with the stricken people of the West, this city is not behind in reaching out full open hands, not only to the desolated city of Chicago, but to all the long stretch of country in Michigan and Wisconsin, which has been laid waste by the destroying flames. From the churches, government offices, and all business departments, even to the hack-drivers, money and clothing are being sent to them. I am proud of my country. There is nothing which to my mind, so glorifies humanity, so certifies to the immortality of man, as this universal brotherhood—this forgetfulness of self, which always manifests itself in times of dire calamity.

The lecture season has already commenced. Dr. Chapin, of New York, gave the first lecture in the Grand Army course Tuesday evening, upon the "Orders of Nobility." To nothing less pure and precious than pearls can I liken his words. The nobility of work, of thought, and of life, he represented as three distinct things, yet so closely allied that one is but the natural outgrowth of the other. The noble mind elevates and dignifies any labor, however humble, while the vulgar degrades his work by striving to half do something beyond his capacity. To be truly noble is to have charity broad and grand enough to take in all humanity. That is an ignoble mind that measures motives by its own littleness, and judges of mankind by merely outward seeming. Lincoln Hall was well filled, and the large audience showed their appreciation of the lecture by the most wrapt attention.

Ghosts are abroad. Washington has a haunted house. 'Tis strange, nevertheless 'tis true. Families have been routed by the ghostly visitants, and even policemen have been put to flight. At midnight dismal groans are heard, footsteps echo along the silent halls, chairs and tables are lifted from their places and carried about hither and thither by unseen hands. As yet the mystery remains unsolved. Yours, truly, A. D. H.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21, 1871.

October, now two thirds gone, has been a bright, golden month in Washington, with a soft, clear air, little rain, and the nights, down to Wednesday, free from frost. But the severest frost of the season, took place on Wednesday night (Oct. 18) It was sufficient to kill the Lima beans in all low places, and to sear the autumnal flowers. But the dahlias about the Soldiers' Home, where the land is high, were in all their prim stiffness and gorgeous colors yesterday afternoon, and without any evidence of having been pinched by the fingers of mischievous Jack Frost.

The dispatch from London yesterday announcing that Earl Granville had just made a pacific speech at Manchester, in which he expressed a feeling of pride at the amicable relations established with this country, tallies well with the admirable speech made on the same day in Maine by Lord Lisgar, the Governor-General of Canada, who declared that "England wants the good will of the United States." Neither country, he said, wanted any material aid from the other, but "each wanted the other's sympathy." He also quoted Sir Stafford Northcote as saying to an audience at Exeter, that a "kindly disposition was manifested in this country towards England," and he "believed that recent events would be regarded in history as a monument to statesmanship much greater than any that could be raised on a field of battle."

Words are cheap, I know, but words like these harmonize will with the cheerful and hearty sympathy that has been so generously poured out by the English people in behalf of the sufferers in our recent calamities, and I cannot help thinking that the President's action in relation to the Washington treaty has inaugurated an era of good feeling between the two countries which is to be enduring.

You will notice that Gov. Wilmot, of New Brunswick, was sorry that the President could not extend his visit to his dominion just now, but would compromise the matter with him provided he would come after the next election; and that Lord Lisgar declared that he came over into the States expressly to pay a tribute of respect to "our noble President," but not more to the office than to the man. Which seems to imply that these foreigners who have such a reverence for position, feel also a warm admiration for the personal character of our simple hearted President, and expect him to wear the robes of office still, after the next election.

But I take it that in New England where these words were spoken, there are some leading Republicans who hardly relish the hearty enthusiasm showered on the President wherever he appears, and cannot be made to comprehend that the people believe in Grant. Only a day or two ago I had a business letter from a gentleman in that quarter who, during the war and down to the close of the Johnson administration, held a high position here, and in it was this note about things political: "I think pretty meanly of 'our wandering government.' Grant has killed the party, or rather destroyed its unity, and we are bound to be defeated at the next Presidential election."

Things may look that way to some of the New England politicians, but it does not seem to be the feeling of the enthusiastic throngs which press so eagerly to greet the President in his *wanderings*, and, from our stand point in Washington, we should not dream that there was any thing in the Republican party like a want of unity. Of course, there are always such men as Schurz, and Gratz Brown, and Ben. Butler to "kick against the pricks," but they are caught up by the general current of popular favor, and either swung into line or are thrown off to the enemy. They will not disturb the common harmony for a moment.

Our friends in Virginia are very hopeful in regard to the approaching election, and are quietly putting forth their best efforts to redeem the State. The election does not embrace State officers, but only members of the Legislature, and the fight will therefore be in the counties and not on any general ticket. A hopeful indication is the better nominations which have been made, and the consequent union and strength of the Republicans.

The speech of F. P. Blair in the South seems to indicate that the Democratic party is in a very bad way. He calls on the Ku Kluxers to come to the help of their Northern friends, and not to leave them to be torn to pieces by their dissensions, and has evidently lost faith in his favorite idea of overthrowing the "carpetbag governments with the army." There is a prodigious falling off in his pluck and confidence since he wrote the famous Broadhead letter.

We begin to get the "premonitory symptoms of the approaching session of Congress which, being a long session, is preceded by ceremonious changes in the arrangements of the hall, the desks, the laying down of carpets, &c., &c. Workmen are to be seen in crowds about the splendid halls and apartments and everything will be in order for the reception of the members when December arrives. As the election of officers took place at the short session Congress will have no very important preliminaries to settle, and will enter at once on the legislative problems that are to be solved. Of these the questions relating to the currency, the emission of more paper money, the resumption of the banks, &c., &c., will hold a prominent place. We are also promised a further reduction of taxation, and in connection with this, we may also have a revision of the laws in relation to the taxation of distilled spirits. BUCKEYE.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The census report is complete and in press.

The mountains above Dauphin have been on fire since Friday last. The operator at Dauphin reports that the fire extends two miles from the river and the entire breadth of Peter's Mountain. The country surrounding is drowned in smoke.

A petition was received at the Executive Mansion on Tuesday, fifty feet long, signed by the women of Utah, protesting against polygamy, and urging effective measures to suppress the practice in that territory.

The Civil Service Commission has received a valuable communication from England, relative to the method of appointment to the British postal service. The subject under consideration was that of probation on appointment.

To show the value of the postal treaty recently negotiated between the United States and Great Britain, it may be stated that during the first week of operation $8 349 was sent from the Washington office to Great Britain, and that $5,326 was received at the same office from Great Britain.

It is probable that regulations will soon be issued from the Treasury Department concerning the redemption of mutilated currency, by which fractional currency will be redeemed to the full value when less than half the note is mutilated, and when over half is destroyed there will be no redemption. This refers alone to fractional currency.

The Cabinet session Tuesday was brief. The recapture of the schooner Horton was not mentioned. There was a conversation in relation to the Hornet. Our Government sustains the course of Minister Basset in his complaint to the Haytian Government of a breach of neutral rights by the Spaniards in this case, and has, through the Secretary of State, informed the Spanish Minister of its views on the subject. Whatever offense the Hornet may have committed after she had given bonds to the United States, is considered a question to be settled by the authorities of this country, on proper proofs, especially as she carries the American flag and therefore possesses a national character. The Government sees no necessity for the use of force, as the entire matter is undergoing peaceable adjustment.

The Emperor William has given 1,000 thalers to the Chicago fund.

The coffee crop of Hayti is being gathered. The yield will be large.

The San Francisco people are alarmed at the numerous incendiary fires in their city.

There is great scarcity of money in Paris. To relieve in some measure the public distress, the Bank of France has commenced the issue of 35,000,000 francs in currency of small denomination.

Advices from Port au Prince of the 8th, say rumors of another projected revolution were obtaining currency, and it was believed General Salnave is assembling his men on the northern frontier and at Monte Christo, and in Dominican territory. They are aided by President Baez in the projected insurrection.

The Post Office Department is in receipt of information that the government of Ecuador has signed a postal convention for an international mail via the Isthmus of Darien. By the terms of the convention the exchange of ratifications shall take place at Washington in six months, or as much sooner as practicable.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24th.—The 1,600,000 bushels of grain that was in warehouse that was destroyed, has been valued at half price, which is $600,000. It will be used for distilling purposes.

Many of the Chicago banks located in the South Division, are now establishing branches in the West Division, and the banks located in the West Division are doing the same in the South Division.

P. F. W. Peck, one of Chicago's pioneer citizens, died last evening, aged 61 years. Mr. Peck came to Chicago in 1831, and erected the first frame building and the first building. He was one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest of our citizens. His property consisted largely of landed estate, which he leased to parties for long terms, on condition of their improving it. For this reason his estate has suffered but little depreciation by the great fire.

Manager Hooley has leased to E. H. Haddock, his lot on which his residence stood, northeast corner of Wabash avenue and Monroe streets, on which, in the spring, he will erect a new opera house, which he intends shall be first class.

The two political parties of this city and county, in view of the present condition of affairs, growing out of the fire, are trying to unite upon a Union ticket for city and county officers. Both parties have been in convention to-day. It was arranged between the two, that the Republicans should have the candidates for Mayor, City Collector, Police Commissioner, twelve out of the twenty aldermen, nine out of the fifteen county commissioners, Judge of the Superior Court and some minor officers; while the Democrats were to have the City Treasury, City Attorney, Judge of the Circuit Court, eight Aldermen, six County Commissioners and some small officers. The entire ticket has not been agreed upon, but the following leading nominations will probably be made: Mayor, Joseph Medill, of the Tribune; City Treasurer, David A. Gage, of the Sherman House; Judge of the Superior Court, John A. Jennison; Judge of the Circuit Court, B. T. Ayer; City Collector, Geo. Van Hollen; County Treasurer, Charles H. Horn. As there are not offices enough to supply the great demand, there will doubtless be other tickets.

An Appeal for the Sufferers of Michigan.

DETROIT, Oct. 24.—In view of the urgency of immediate and liberal aid from people outside the State, the following circular of appeal to the people of the United States has been issued by the Michigan State Relief Committee:

To the People of the United States:

We need instant and plentiful aid. From 12,000 to 15,000 people at least, in the State of Michigan, have lost houses, food, clothing, crops, horses and cattle. On the night of the Chicago fire, two thousand people on the east shore of Lake Michigan, and five or six thousand on the west shore of Lake Huron, were reduced to almost absolute destitution. Within two or three weeks, other small villages and settlements have been blotted out. The number of frame houses, barns and frontier dwellings which have been destroyed by the all-pervading fire, cannot, from want of information, be accurately calculated. The aggregate we know to be enormous. The fires are still burning, and new ones spring up. The area of ruin and devastation is daily increasing. The intensity and dramatic magnificence of the calamities which have overwhelmed other cities and villages, are lacking here, but the suffering exists. A long, hard, cold winter is approaching; large numbers of these people are accessible only by water, and navigation will soon be closed. Scarcely a month or six weeks now remain in which to feed, clothe and shelter them for the winter season, which extends far into the months of spring. They must be helped now, or they will perish. They will need, too, in the early spring, seed and implements for the harvests of next year. The greater portion of them must commence life entirely anew, without preparation, and at the beginning of winter. Their isolation from the centers of commerce and the means of communication, makes the problem of relief the more difficult and all the more urgent. The people of Michigan have nobly responded to the appeals which this misery has made to their sympathy and generosity, but they are seriously crippled indirectly in their business by the Chicago fire, and directly by the assistance they gave to the sufferers from that calamity, before they were aware of the demands which would be made upon them at home. Many of them, too, have lost their resources by the fires which have occurred in this state.

In their name, and in behalf of the victims already known, and of many who, we fear, are yet unknown, we ask prompt and efficient aid from our benevolent fellow citizens everywhere. Money and supplies may be sent direct to the Michigan Relief Committee at Detroit or Grand Rapids.

HUMANITY is akin. There is no doubt of it. The skeptic can find the proof written in letters of love all over the ashes of Chicago. Wherever the story of the conflagration has been told, the heart of mankind has responded to the feeling of universal brotherhood. Men, women and children have testified to the sentiment of sympathy. Even great corporations have felt the thrill of benevolence. Bankers have opened their hearts; bagmen have pawned to give. A man in St. Louis gave all he had; a little negro contributed his uttermost dime. When the Canary Islands were starving we sent food; When Ireland was famishing we divided our stores with her hungry people. Aid has been rendered to the Persians. Africa enjoys our contributions. Is there any doubt that humanity is akin? If there is, the unbelievers should be prayed for, early and late.

Horrors of Ku Kluxism—A Mother and Daughter Stripped and Whipped.

A United States official reports, under date of September 8th, 1871, a series of outrages perpetrated in Chatham county, N. C., on Mrs. Catharine Ferguson, her daughter, Sarah Jane Ferguson, three of her sons, and a young man named Eli Phillips. This official, who is one of the most fearless and useful in the service, at once proceeded to investigate the matter, and the result was he speedily brought all the parties to Raleigh. Miss Sarah Jane Ferguson, twenty-one years of age, made an affidavit of the facts before Mr. Commissioner Shaffer. The official referred to made further inquiries, which served to corroborate the girl's statement. The other five who were outraged when she was stand ready to sustain her in her testimony.

Miss Ferguson swears that disguised men, some of whom were known to her, visited her mother's house twice in December last. At the first visit they broke into the house and took out two of her three brothers, and whipped them very badly. They cut the blood from them. The family talked about this outrage; and the result was the Ku Klux made a second attack on the mother and daughter and three sons. They broke into the house again, took out the mother, and whipped her with twisted sticks. They tore off her clothes, threw her down on the ground, binding her hands and feet, and beat her. Three held her and two whipped her. They bruised and wounded her so that she could not get about for a month. After they had thus whipped the mother, they whipped her three sons, tearing off their clothes from them and holding them on the ground—She says "they cut them to pieces," striking them over the head also, with pistols. They also whipped a young man named Philipps, doubling their hickories and whipping with both hands. They then took Miss Ferguson, tore off her clothes, stretched her at full length on her face, held her hands and feet, and gave her two hundred lashes.

This unhappy family, as soon as they were able to travel, abandoned their home and took to the woods, where they lived for a month; some times in cold, rainy weather, suffering all time for food. They at length left the neighborhood, and were kindly allowed to live in a house of Mr. Hugh Dixon, at Snow Camp Foundry, Costham county, North Carolina.

These facts were sworn to by Miss Sarah J Ferguson before a United States Commissioner in Raleigh, September 8, 1871.

Scene in the Tunnel During the Chicago Fire.

A New York *Tribune* correspondent at Chicago, sketches the following incident of the fire:

One of the most dramatic and impressive scenes of the fire, not yet recorded, was the flight through the new La Salle street tunnel under the river during Sunday night. It was about two o'clock when this strange negira began, and in ten minutes it became a furious rout. The bridges on both sides were on fire, and the flames were writhing over the decks of the brigs in the river, and winding their fierce arms of flame around the masts and through the rigging like a monstrous, luminous devil fish. The awful canopy of fire drew down and closed over Water street as the shrieking multitude rushed for the tunnel, the only avenue of escape. The gas works had already blown up, and there was no light in any house save the illumination which lighted up only to destroy. But into the darkened cave rushed pell mell from all directions, the frenzied crowd—bankers, thieves, draymen, wives, children—in every stage of undress, as they had leaped from burning lodgings, a howling, imploring, cursing, praying, waiting mob, making their desperate dive under the river. It was as dark in the tunnel as it is in the center of the earth, perhaps darker. Hundreds of ingitives were laden with furniture, household goods, utensils, loaves of bread, and pieces of meat, and their rush through the almost suffocating tunnel was fearful in the extreme. They knocked each other down, and the strong trod on the helpless. Nothing was heard at the mouth of the cavernous prison but a muffled howl of rage and anguish. Several came forth with broken limbs and terrible bruises, as they scattered and resumed their flight under the blazing sky to the northward.

The Vagaries of a Starving Man.

Mr. Everts, who was lost in the Yellowstone, contributes to Scribner's an intensely interesting account of his "Thirty-seven Days of Peril." We quote:

"I lost all sense of time. Days and nights came and went, and were numbered only by the growing consciousness that I was gradually starving. I felt no hunger; did not eat to appease appetite, but to renew strength. I experienced but little pain. The gaping sores on my feet, the severe burn on my hip, the festering crevices at the joints of my fingers, all terrible in appearance, had ceased to give me the least concern. The roots which supplied my food had suspended the digestive power of the stomach, and their fibers were packed in it in a matted, compact mass.

"Not so with my hours of slumber. They were visited by the most luxurious dreams. I would apparently visit the most gorgeously decorated restaurants of New York and Washington; sit down to immense tables spread with the most appetizing viands; partake of the richest oyster stews and plumpest pies; engage myself in the labor and preparation of curious dishes, and with them fill range upon range of elegantly furnished tables until they fairly groaned beneath the accumulated dainties prepared by my own hand. Frequently the entire night would seem to have been spent by getting up a sumptuous dinner. I would realize the fatigue of roasting, boiling, baking, and fabricating the choicest dishes known to the modern cuisine, and in my disturbed slumbers would enjoy with epicurean relish the food thus furnished even to repletion. Alas! there was more luxury than life in these somnolent vagaries.

* * * * *

"By some process which I was too weak to solve, my arms, legs, and stomach were transformed into so many traveling companions. Often for hours I would plod along conversing with these imaginary friends. Each had his peculiar wants which he expected me to supply. The stomach was importunate in his demand for a change of diet—complained incessantly of the roots I fed him, their present effect and more remote consequences. I would try to silence him with promises, beg of him to wait a few days, and when this failed of the quiet I desired, I would seek to intimidate him by declaring, as a sure result of negligence, our inability to reach home alive. All to no purpose—he tormented me with his fruitful humors through the entire journey. The others would generally concur with him in these fancied altercations. The legs implored me for rest, and the arms complained that I gave them too much to do. Troublesome as they were, it was a pleasure to realize their presence. I worked for them, too, with right good will, doing many things for their scanty comfort which, had I to myself alone, would have remained undone. They appeared to be perfectly helpless of themselves, would do nothing for me or each other. I often wondered while they ate and slept so much, that they did not aid in gathering wood and kindling fires. As a counterpoise to their inertia, whenever they discovered languor in me on necessary occasions, they were not wanting in words of encouragement and cheer. I recall, as I write, an instance, where, by prompt and timely interposition, the representative of the stomach saved me from a death of dreadful agony. One day I came to a small stream issuing from a spring of mild temperature on the hillside swarming with minnows. I caught some with my hands and ate them raw. To my taste they are delicious. But the stomach refused them, accused me of attempting to poison him, and would not be reconciled until I had emptied my pouch of the few fish I had put there for future use."

Fire-Proof Buildings.

Horace White, of the Chicago *Tribune*, in a letter descriptive of the late fire says:

There will, of course, be much curiosity to know why the fire-proof buildings succumbed. The postoffice was lost by defective internal construction. There was hardly any wood work in it except furniture. The floors were of stone or clay tiles, the window casing of iron, and all the outer doors iron. But then there were no interior walls, or next to none. In place of these were upright iron columns and girders, these supporting iron beams, and these again furnishing the resting places for the brick arches which held the several floors. The building itself was surrounded on the four sides by streets, though one of these was as narrow as Nassau street, New York. It had no point of contact with any other building. But the heat from the narrow street set the furniture on fire. This warped and sprung the great iron columns which supported the floors, and so the whole interior came down into the cellar. The Tribune building was constructed with a view to avoid this defect. There was no iron columns in the interior except where they were employed to give greater strength to the brick walls. Consequently the interior is nearly all standing, the two eight cylinder presses uninjured to all appearances, except by the burning of the tapes and feed boards; the beautiful engine, whose noiseless strength I have so often admired, scarcely soiled, the boilers perfectly intact, and, most wonderful of all, two or three barrels of printer's ink under the alley not burned or upset. For all this, the heat generated by a whole square of combustible five story buildings of which the Tribune was one corner, was greater than that of an ordinary blast furnace. It was more than sufficient to melt cast-iron. Our brick walls were a great protection, but the exterior wall on the south side, eighteen inches thick, next to a wholesale stationery store, is bulged inward at one place near the bottom fully two inches. This was not enough to let the wall down, and as it was braced with iron beams all the way up it was kept from falling on our printing machinery. A small segment fell out of the front of the building on Madison street. This was caused by the weight of an immense iron safe belonging to the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, which stood against a wall in the second story. The iron beams getting more or less displaced by the expansive power of the heat, the weight of the safe was brought to bear upon them with a leverage which pried a hole ten or fifteen feet wide out of the Madison street front, and of course everything which rested upon it came down too.

These two buildings are types of all the so called fire-proof structures in the city, some seven or eight in number. It is ascertained that no stone ever used in the business part of the city is worth a farthing in such a fire. Brick is the only thing that comes out whole, and is ready to try it again. The future Chicago will be a city of bricks. But it is not fair to say that an absolutely fire proof building cannot be erected. I think it can be. At all events, the architects of the world should come here and study.

A druggist in New Hampshire threatens the local paper with a suit for putting an "e" in place of an "a" in his advertisement of grape pills.

INSURANCE.

INTERNATIONAL INSURANCE CO.
OF
New York.

Cash Capital,	$500 000 00.
Surplus,	702,951 82
Cash Assets,	1,329,476 19

THE INTERNATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY calls the attention of the public to the very strong condition of the Institution.

The Directors determined to increase the financial strength of the Company by limiting the dividends to ten per cent per annum, and holding the surplus as a permanent reserve for the security of Policy holders, and are now, as the result of that policy, enabled to present a financial statement which must be highly satisfactory to the Shareholders and all holding the Policies of the Company. The security now offered by this Insurance Institution is not surpassed by that of any Fire Insurance Company in this or any other country, as may be easily demonstrated by reference not only to its large capital and surplus, but also by the prudence of the management in avoiding risks of a highly hazardous character, and by the comparative y small lines carried on risks assumed.

GEORGE SAVAGE, W. President.
HAMILTON BRUCE, Vice President.
WILLIAM J. HUGHES, Secretary.
Jan6wlwfmo 6mo 61

THE EQUITABLE LIFE
Assurance ociety
OF THE UNITED STATES.
120 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
Cash Assets, $15,000,000
Actual Income, $7,500,000
New Business, 1869, $40,000,000
Purely Mutual.
Annual Dividends.

DIVIDENDS PAID AT THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR.

☞ Policy-holders have choice Annually of five advantageous modes of applying Profits.

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As investments, which bid fair to produce three times the amount of dividends ever paid by ANY other Life Insurance Company whatsoever.

The standing of the society is approved by thirty six different States of the Union, and occupies the highest position in every respect, in every one of them, North and South, as an equitable, liberal, well-conducted and thoroughly reliable institution. This is proved by the facts that its Annual Cash Income has increased in three years over Five Million Dollars, and its Cash Assets, in the same time, over Ten Million Dollars.

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The Equitable issues every desirable form of Policy, and receives premiums only in cash, neither accepting notes for its own claims nor paying them out, in lieu of money, when its policies become due.

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HENRY B. HYDE, Vice Pres't.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Secretary.
SAMUEL BOSWORTH, 2d Manager.

☞ Gentlemen of character desirous of forming a connection with the Society, as Agents, are invited to communicate with the Office.

June 1-1-1-n-mo-fly (2)

CONTINENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
132 Broadway, New York.

Branch Offices, { No. 149 Montague St. Brooklyn. No. 106 Broadway, B.S.D. E.D. Western Department, Tribune Building, Chicago, Illinois.

CAPITAL - - -	$ 500 000 00
SURPLUS - - -	1 038 037.74
TOTAL CASH ASSETS	2 538 037.74

Insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandise, household furniture, farm property, including stock RENTS LEASES, and all other insurable property, at reasonable rates of Premium.

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June 5-1-1mo-wfmo.

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FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY,
COLUMBUS, - - - OHIO.

Cash Assets.
$650,000.

The Company is very careful in its writing, refusing any extra risks by writing large amounts in one Policy, thus increasing its security to its Policy-holders. Its strict policy of writing only first-class property, causes the rejection of three times the business that is written, yet its premiums accepted for 1871 will reach near

One-Half Million Dollars.

Property-holders readily see its business is done on a basis of safety. The Company has as yet refused to open business in many cities and towns, owing to the fact that such advantages were not offered the Company as satisfied its Managers. These difficulties are being overcome, and as fast as the proper arrangements are consummated the Company will offer its security to citizens throughout the United States. Applications for all places not supplied with an agent, will now be considered.

The Company has distributed in prompt payments to sufferers from fire and lightning, *Two Hundred and Sixty-six Thousand Five Hundred and Seventy-six Dollars* ($266,576.) One grand feature is, the benefit this Company is to Farmers; it protects their houses and barns against damage by *Lightning*, also protects their stock from damage by lightning while running at large. Property holders will find agents in all principal towns or cities. Address

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W. C. M. BAKER, Sec'y.
JACOB PEETREY, Gen. Agent.
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NATIONAL.
Life Insurance Co.

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Chartered by Special Act of Congress, 1868.

A STRONG STOCK COMPANY.

Total Assets, August 1871 ... $1,934 617
Total Liabilities, August 1871 ... 97 848
Surplus ... $1,836 769

The Company reduces by the contract, the first and all subsequent premiums from 50 to 30 per cent. as compared to those of Mutual Companies.

During the last three years the premium receipts of the Company have aggregated $1,700,000. Had it charged the high premiums of Mutual Companies the same amount of insurance would have cost the policy holders about $2,200,000. The National has therefore, in three years, made a dividend in advance, of $500,000. In other words its power to do's have retained in their own pockets $500,000, which would have been unnecessarily exacted from them by Mutual Companies.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

LARGE CAPITAL, $1,000,000. CASH SYSTEM. LOW RATES OF PREMIUM. NO DEFERRED DIVIDENDS. NEARLY A WORLD-WIDE POLICY. LIBERAL NON-FORFEITING FEATURES.

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Connects direct with the Company, giving liberal and continuous remunerative employment to all parties in the country, with efficient and reliable men, who propose to canvass personally for Life Insurance. Address, Branch Office, Philadelphia, Pa. oct26-w13t-n6

UNITED STATES
Life Insurance Company,
NO. 261 BROADWAY, N. Y.
INCORPORATED 1850.

Cash Assets nearly $4,000,000.

The principal features of this Company are Absolute Security, Economical Management, and Liberality to the Insured.

All forms of Life and Endowment Policies issued. No unnecessary restrictions. Agents will find this Company easy to work for.

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sept9-1ow13t-fri

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ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

The only Reliable Gift Distribution in the Country.

$60,000 00
IN VALUABLE GIFTS!
TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN
L. D. SINE'S,
152nd REGULAR MONTHLY
GIFT ENTERPRISE
To be drawn Monday, Nov. 27th, 1871.
TWO GRAND CAPITALS OF
$5,000 each in Greenbacks
Two Prizes $1,000 EACH IN
Five Prizes $500 GREENBACKS
Ten Prizes $100
WHOLE NUMBER OF CASH GIFTS, 1,000!

1 Horse & Buggy, with Silver-mounted Harness, $600. One Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, worth $500! Ten Family Sewing Machines, worth $100 each!

Five Heavy Cased Gold Hunting Watches and Heavy Gold Chains, worth $300 each!

FIVE GOLD AMERICAN HUNTING WATCHES, WORTH $125 EACH.

Ten Ladies' Gold Hunting Watches, worth $100 each.

800 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches of all sorts from $20 to $300 each!

Ladies' Gold Leontine Chains, Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Silver-plated Castors, Solid Silver and Double Plated Table and Tea-spoons, Ivory-Handled Dinner Knives, Silver-plated Dinner Forks, Silver Vest Chains, Photograph Albums, Ladies' Gold breast Pins and Ear-rings, Gent's Gold Breastpins, Shirt Studs & Sleeve Buttons, Finger-rings, Gold Pens (silver extension,) etc., *Watches number 6Watches, 6,000. Tickets Limited to 60,000.*

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Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

OFFICE OF L. D. SINE, Box 86,
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oct5-w13t-6S

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Agents Wanted
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For Samples of Work or for Agencies, Address
Manhattan Sewing Machine Co.,
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645 Broadway, New York.
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160 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gold Medal
AWARDED AT THE
CINCINNATI
Industrial Exposition, 1871,
TO TH

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1871.

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Double column advertisements and cuts 33⅓ per cent. additional.

No advertisement inserted for less than $1.

Objectionable advertisements not accepted.

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In variety, quantity and quality of reading matter, we think the BLADE will not suffer in comparison with any family newspaper printed in this country. We ask our readers to examine it critically, and commend it to such of their friends as do not take it and who ought to have a first class paper.

DEATH OF HON. THOMAS EWING.

Hon. THOMAS EWING, the acknowledged head of the Ohio Bar, and one of the first lawyers of the age, died at his residence in Lancaster, yesterday afternoon at half past three o'clock. His disease was an affection of the heart, an accumulation of fatty matter about that organ, which has given him much trouble during the past ten years, and on several previous occasions, as recently while speaking in the U. S. Supreme Court, has prostrated him and brought him to the verge of death. But he was a man of immense vitality and herculean physique, and Nature, notwithstanding the fact that attacks were made directly upon the most vital of organs, rallied frequently and beat off the assaulting and finally successful foe. To the last he was a grand man. His eye was undimmed and his natural force was not abated, and he had only to sit in his library at Lancaster and with a few strokes of his pen throw off legal opinions which commanded large fees, such fees in fact as most lawyaers are glad to receive after the most prolonged and difficult legal contests.

Mr. EWING'S pre-eminence was in the law. One of his chief cases, and the one which probably gained him more distinction than any other, was the famous Martha Washington case, in which by the legal trick of submitting the case without argument and before the Attorney General had made his plea, he saved his client. The Attorney General at that time was the distinguished HENRY STANBERRY, still living near Cincinnati, and his discomfiture, it is said, created a feud between the EWING and STANBERRY families which continued until the close of the late war, when Mr. STANBERRY, in a series of articles contributed to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, defended the treaty which General SHERMAN, Mr. EWING'S son-in-law, made with the rebel General JOHNSON. It was Mr. EWING'S success in this case, we believe, which laid the foundation of his fortune. His specialty was in real estate cases, and it was by one of these, if we mistake not, that he secured the title to a large tract of ground on which the city of St. Louis now stands. Another important real estate case, and one which has a local interest, was that of OLIVER vs. PIATT *et al.*, involving the title to a large part of this city upon which the Oliver House now stands. Other cases in which his most elaborate professional arguments were made, were the Methodist Church division; the MCINTYRE Poor School vs. the city of Zanesville and the MCMIKEN will case. A list of the important cases in which he has given opinions would be interesting to the legal profession, and some of these have been so to the general public. For example, in the Trent case he promptly despatched to President LINCOLN, who had applied to him for his legal opinion, that "there can be no contraband of war in a neutral bottom going from one neutral port to another." This is probably as clear a statement of the law in the case as could possibly be given, and it no doubt had its effect in causing the prompt release of MASON and SLIDELL.

As a law student, Mr. EWING was distinguished for his application, and throughout his career he was noted for the thoroughness with which he examined his cases. As early as 1816 he was admitted to the bar, having studied under the once distinguished PHILEMON BEECHER, at Lancaster. At that time, lawyers traveled over a wide extent of country upon horseback, frequently going in large companies, and sleeping at night in a single room. While other lawyers were lounging and joking, EWING was generally busy examining authorities and re preparing his cases. One of his earliest triumphs was at Marietta, Ohio, where he defended a boy charged with larceny. He had traveled over two hundred and forty miles on horseback and received a fee of twenty-five dollars. Mr. EWING has since said that he has often received ten thousand dollars for his part in cases which cost him less trouble, but no fee has ever seemed more rich and grateful to him than this early fee of twenty-five dollars.

As a statesman, Mr. EWING is little known to the young and rising generation. He belongs to a former era and can probably be appreciated and properly estimated only by those who participated in the events of that era. He was a Whig of the straitest sect, and belonged to the WEBSTER class of statesmen in style of mind, in massive strength and in political views. Although his distinguishing characteristic as a public man is understood to have been his conservatism, it is to be remembered that he was one of the first to recommend the construction of the railroad to the Pacific, which he did in his first report from the Interior Department, in 1849; that he refused to vote for the fugitive slave law while a member of the Senate, in 1850, and that he advocated the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He voted for Mr. LINCOLN, both in 1860 and 1864, though he was always careful to state when he spoke in public that he could not endorse fully the position of the Republican party. He sustained President JOHNSON in his reconstruction policy and assinine opposition to Congress, and landed with his whole family in the Democratic party, his son THOMAS, the hero of Pilot Knob, having been the favorite candidate of the Democracy for Governor of Ohio during the recent campaign, though he was defrauded of the nomination, and Mr. EWING, like ISAAC of old, was left to exclaim, "The voice is JACOB'S voice, but the hands are the hands of ESAU." The nomination was EWING'S nomination, but the run was the run of MCCOOK. Mr. EWING was committed in advance to the JOHNSON policy by his defence of the SHERMAN-JOHNSON treaty. The storm of disappointment and disapprobation which that treaty raised, aroused Mr. EWING to the defence of his son-in-law, and, like an aged lion, he sprang to the rescue. During the rebellion his whole power was given to the prosecution of the war, three of his sons having held the rank of General, one of his sons-in-law having achieved the distinction of being the second general in the war, and another having commanded a regiment with honor.

Mr. EWING was never popular with the people, nor successful as a political leader. He was too conscientious and independent for a politician, and not sufficiently bold and earnest for a great leader. He therefore never attained the influence nor did the service of men of less intellectual power and more earnest convictions. From 1831 to 1837 he was a member of the United States Senate and supported the tariff measures of Mr. CLAY, and, which sounds oddly in these days of Republican land policy, opposed the granting of pre-emption rights to settlers on the public lands. In 1840 he took the stump for General HARRISON, and achieved a wide fame as a political speaker, under the familiar soubriquet of the "Old Salt Boiler." He was called to President HARRISON'S cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, which position he held until the disagreement with President TYLER concerning a national bank, when, with all the members of the cabinet, excepting Mr. WEBSTER, he resigned. On the accession of General TAYLOR to the Presidency, he was chosen Secretary of the Interior, then a new department, which he organized. On the death of General TAYLOR, a change was made in the cabinet, Mr. EWING retiring and taking the place of CORWIN in the United States Senate by appointment of the Governor of Ohio. In 1851, he retired to Lancaster and pursued his profession. He was a delegate to the "Peace Congress" of 1861, with which his public career may be said to end.

Mr. EWING was born in Ohio county, Virginia, on the 28th day of December, 1789, and was consequently nearly 82 years of age at the time of his death. His father removed while he was yet a boy to Athens county, Ohio, and Mr. EWING afterwards worked in the Kanawha salt works and procured money to pay for his father's farm and to enter the Ohio University, from which he was the first to take the degree of A. B. He was, therefore, a self-made man, having paid and won his own way to the high place which he holds in the estimation of his countrymen. He was one of the last of that race of giants who conducted the country through the era preceding the rebellion, and if he did not achieve the political success to which his power is thought to have entitled him, his failure must be attributed to his independence and his lack of popular qualities.

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.

We have received a copy of the Address issued to the People of the United States by the Convention of Colored People which recently held its sessions at Columbia, S. C. The colored population of thirteen States were represented at this Convention, and their deliberations seem to have been characterized by wisdom and good feeling. The Address before us is an able and well written document. The disabilities and oppressions of the colored people are alluded to, but not in a spirit of bitterness or vindictiveness. The Convention sets forth the fact that the freedmen of the South have been assailed by both open and secret combinations, and persecuted almost beyond precedent. The oligarchs of the South, after their defeat in war, adopted a consistent and fixed policy, the design and tendency of which was to reduce their ex-slaves to a condition of modified servitude, which should give their former masters all the profit of their vassalage, without imposing upon them the risks and burden incident to the former state of unqualified slavery. As the address charges, "they have not been contented to employ the advantages which capital and experience in public and private affairs confer, but have resorted to compulsory means, unsanctioned by the laws of the country, the spirit of American institutions, or the practice of civilized nations." The provisional government of South Carolina, in 1865, and other States afterwards, adopted the infamous "Black Code," which established courts for the trial of questions of *caste*, and established caste legislation and distinctions of the most odious and oppressive character. Separate laws and separate courts were established for white and black people. The blacks were to be governed by severe rules as regards the amount and hours of labor and the compensation they should demand therefor. Acts were made criminal in a black man which were not so adjudged when committed by a white man. The blacks were to be taxed, but not allowed a voice in the making or in the execution of the laws. But the just legislation of a Republican Congress soon upset this damnable attempt at the degradation of a race restored to freedom. The next attempt of the Southern white oligarchy was to subsidize, through motives of fear and favor, the people whose rights they could not entirely snatch away. Happily for the colored people, however, the demand for their labor was so strong as to prevent the success of these efforts for the subjection of the freedmen.

Then came the era of secret and bloody Ku Klux societies, organized to institute and maintain a reign of terror over the colored people, and those of the whites that were disposed to favor their interests in any way whatever. The Convention declares: "We have been hunted like beasts by armed and disguised bands. Many, both men and women, have been killed; vast numbers have received severe corporal punishment; and many more found shelter in the swamps from the storm of human hatred."

The Convention acknowledges the completeness of the great measures adopted by the Republican party for the relief and protection of their people in the South, and asks further only measures of moral support necessary to carry into complete effect the work so suspiciously begun. The colored people ask no peculiar favor, but only that no odious or individual distinction be made against them. They disavow having any interests but such as are common to all the people of the country.

We are glad that the Convention laid especial importance on the education of their people, not only in literature, but also in trades and skilled industries which add to the efficiency, self-reliance and influence of any people. Access to trades and skilled employments has been cruelly and persistently denied them, and then they have been taunted because of a lack which was caused through the tyranny of their oppressors, and not by any want of energy on their part. They say to the people of the United States:

> In order to secure the promotion of our industrial interests, you can render us assistance. It is true we have no demands to make of the National Government in this respect; but it is in the power of the people of the United States to aid us materially. In order to advance our knowledge and skill in the industrial arts, it is necessary that we should have the advantages of the means employed in the country at large for these purposes. That in preparing for industrial pursuits and in putting our skill in operation, we should come in contact with educated and experienced workmen and be put in possession of the results of their skill and knowledge. If the trades and workshops are shut against us, we cannot reach that point of excellence to which we desire to attain. We ask your aid and sympathy in placing us on the same footing in reference to the pursuit of industry as that enjoyed by other citizens. If, after having access to the means of becoming skilful workmen, we fail to attain that standing, we are content to take rank among the industrial classes of the country, according to the degree of our proficiency. Should we be excluded from these benefits, a state of things will arise, most prejudicial to the interest of skilled labor, namely: the existence of a great body of workmen ready to supply the market with poor work at cheap rates. While slavery existed, the Northern States were not affected by the low state of the industrial arts in the Southern States; but labor being now free to find the best market, it is, beyond question, the interest of the artizans of the North to raise the standard of proficiency at the South. It is clearly the interest of the great industries of the North to strengthen themselves by alliance with those at the South. This result would be practicable to the fullest extent, if those of our color throughout the North could be placed in a position to bring among us the best knowledge and skill in the departments of trade to which they belong.

Thus, we perceive that the colored people of the South are not blindly hoping to be lifted out of their disabilities and troubles by legislation, or other political means. They indulge in no delusions of that sort. They expect to work out their own salvation. They only ask the rest of the world to get off their necks that they may be able to use the faculties and means they are endowed with. They make an appeal in this connection which the American people should promptly respond to.

The colored people have borne burdens for two centuries such as never rested upon any people; they cherish no malice toward their oppressers; their unrequited toil has contributed largely to the accumulated wealth of the nation. They have conducted themselves in an orderly and submissive manner. When called upon or allowed to do so, they have fought bravely for the defence of the homes and liberties of the white people of this land. They ask only justice and fair play. The Republican party has done much for them, the philanthropy of the American people must fill up the remainder of the duty of this country toward a people to whom, more than to any other, we owe a debt of restitution and reparation, in view of the wrongs of the past.

☞ The Washington *Chronicle*, in the course of an article on the outrages committed on American citizens in some of the Southern States, says that it is notorious that the lives of American citizens are safer to-day in Japan and in the Islands of the Sea than they are in the reconstructed States. This is a sad, a humiliating statement for a journal at the capital of the nation to be compelled to make. And yet it is too true to be denied. And the most serious fact in this connection is that the great Democratic party contends that the President has no right to protect American citizens in peril of their lives in South Carolina or in Georgia—thus making it appear that his power is less influential under his own jurisdiction than it is in foreign lands! Are we prepared to have such a reproach fastened upon our Constitution and Government?

THE GERMANS ON THE SCHURZ PLATFORM.

Mr. FRANK P. BLAIR assumes that Senator SCHURZ has the German vote of the West and Southwest at his disposal, and he anticipates great strength to the opposition movement to Gen. GRANT which the two Missouri Senators are trying to organize. We are glad to notice that the German voters are by no means inclined to follow the leadership of any self-constituted managers. Senator SCHURZ and FRANK BLAIR can not bargain away their votes. There is no class of people which more sturdily asserts the right of thinking independently than the Germans. The German Democratic paper at Cincinnati, the *Volksfreund*, intimates that the more it reflects upon the SCHURZ BLAIR programme the more difficulties appear, of an insurmountable character. It says that what was very possible in the way of fusion in the State of Missouri, may not be so possible in a national contest. It says it would be a fine thing, doubtless, but it asks should not the Democracy get out of the frying pan into the fire? The *Volksfreund* then adds, with truthful significance: "There is altogether *too little principle* and *too much personal interest* in this whole movement to induce us to fall in with it."

The scheme meets with no better treatment from the *Volksblatt*, a Republican German paper of great influence. This journal admits that the views of Senator SCHURZ demand and ought to receive respectful consideration. But his union with FRANK P. BLAIR is a disagreeable symptom, and should set serious-minded Germans to thinking. The editor then asks: "What is to be gained by it?" The good part of this platform is taken bodily from the creed of the Republican party. Can Democrats be trusted to carry out that part of the programme? Then as to general amnesty, civil service reform, tariff revision, and rearrangement of the internal revenue laws, may not the forthcoming action of the present Congress take away all the force they now seem to have? They are essentially temporary questions, and may be disposed of in such a way as to put them out of the way of debate in next year's canvass. Evidently, the *Volksblatt* says, it is the duty of Republican Germans to wait, and this is not the time for them to tie their hands with pledges. The editor concludes by saying that with all due respect for the great talent of the German Senator, he cannot but regard his plan as being against the interest of progressive Republican ideas.

This is a sensible and patriotic conclusion. The principles of the Republican party concern the purity and success of free government. They have to do with the rights of man, the public credit, our duty to the soldiers who fought for the nation's life, and the protection of the freedmen from the oppression of their enemies. We cannot trust the enemies of our principles with the government at such a time as this. We cannot too earnestly commend the patriotic earnestness with which the *Volksblatt* insists that in all movements in regard to the future, "the object must be, not the furthering of the interests of certain presidential candidates, but the carrying out of certain principles." The Republican party has not accomplished its work, and its friends will not leave its standard as long as a single vital principle of its noble creed remains in the slightest peril.

THE ARREST OF TWEED.

The arrest of TWEED is a movement which indicates the earnest purpose which inspires the Committee of Investigation, and also indicates that the proof to sustain the charges which lie against him is near at hand. Mr. O'CONNOR, the able counsel who advises and directs the legal movements of the Committee, did not move until he knew that his proof was what was needed to insure conviction. But TWEED has stolen enough of the public money, and has enough of it at his disposal, to make his prosecutors a great deal of delay and trouble. He has not only money, but a host of ignorant voters who stand ready, unless checked by the strong hand of law, to stuff the ballot boxes so as to return the grand thief to the Senate of New York. If he shall get a seat there, he will rely on his money to push through such measures as he needs to save him from the clutches of the law. This is the principal difficulty which Mr. O'CONNOR now apprehends to be in the way of TWEED'S conviction.

Even the New York *World* abandons TWEED and calls for the law to take its course against him. The flight of GARVEY, and afterwards, of ELBERT A. WOODWARD, the Deputy Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, who acted as TWEED'S go-between, in the interest of the Tammany Ring, shows the terror which has stricken the hearts of all the vile gang of swindlers. He was an unprincipled tool and intriguer, and his guilt is proven by the most incontestable evidence. The secrets which his trial would unravel would implicate perhaps all the villains involved in the plundering schemes. He had been engaged, for some days before his flight, in transferring property to parties, in order to put it out of the reach of the officers of the law.

The people of New York seem resolved, for once, to face the repeaters and rioters at the polls, and measure arms and strength with them. Arrangements are being made to close all places of business and devote the election day to the cause of reform. The people are determined to know whether honest men or rogues are to rule in the city of New York. When the people once become thoroughly roused there is no uncertainty as to the verdict which will be given at the polls, when the votes are fairly taken and honestly counted.

THE MANHATTAN.—Among the merits of this sewing machine, which is rapidly gaining favor with the people, are these, that it combines the greatest simplicity in construction, durability in wear, and most perfect ease and certainty in operation. It is noiseless, its work is beautifully done, strong and durable, and it will do any kind of work that can be done on any machine. See advertisement of the Manhattan in another column.

DEATH OF GEN. ROBERT ANDERSON.

The death of Gen. ROBERT ANDERSON, of Fort Sumter fame, at Nice, France, on Thursday evening, Oct. 26, is announced by telegraph. Gen. ANDERSON was born at the "Soldier's Retreat," near Louisville, Kentucky, June 14, 1805. His father was a Colonel in the Revolutionary Army. At the age of 20 this son of the Revolutionary Colonel was a graduate of West Point, and in the same year was promoted to 2nd Lieutenant in the 3d U. S. Artillery. In 1832 he was Assistant Inspector General of Illinois volunteers. In 1833 he was promoted to First Lieutenant. From 1835 to 1837 he was instructor at West Point. His gallantry in the Florida war brought him the brevet of Captain. He was on the staff of Gen. SCOTT from 1838 to 1841. He was promoted to Captain in 1841 and in 1847 accompanied Gen. SCOTT to Mexico. He led the force that first entered Molino at the battle of Molino del Rey and came from the struggle with a wound and a record that gained him the brevet of Major.

He was promoted to Major in the 1st Artillery in 1857, and in the autumn of 1860 was assigned to duty in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina. In about a month from the time he assumed command troublous times demanded a fitting man for the place. The time came and Major Anderson was equal to the demand. The record above is the record of a military man, educated as an officer and doing his duty as an officer.—From the date of Christmas time 1860, the story is of another kind. The soldier stands out as something more and greater, and, from the time that he evacuated Fort Moultrie and occupied Sumpter the American people have taken him so close to their hearts that his record seems a part of our national atmosphere, and his name a something to swell our national pride. The people who reached out to him during that 3½ months of siege, who shouted when he refused to treat with the South Carolina Commissioners, and refused to evacuate or surrender; who sprang to arms when it was known he had been fired on; who welcomed him home when he came out of the ruined fort, not forgetting the glory of his flag nor the dignity of his nation nor his manhood—the people who did all this have long since fixed General Anderson's place in our roll of honored men. He stands in the foreground of the picture of our National struggle. When the storm burst he held a vital point. He could have known but little of the popular spirit in the distant States. For months he was besieged and was subject to the influence of the wisest and craftiest of the Southern leaders. He knew little of his government and its plans but what came to him through Southern channels. His action was of the spirit that was in him, and this action so well performed, so quietly done, so much in deed and so little in word, marked the man.

When he came to his home an invalid and the war upon us, he at once commenced duty as the commander of the Department of the Cumberland. He was compelled to leave this on account of sickness, and while his companion officers were winning laurels, he was forced to play the part of invalid. And such he was until his death, two days ago.

The people made him a hero. Was not his conduct heroic? He was the ideal American soldier—scholarly, patriotic, brave. And into every vision of the American youth, for ages to come, will this hero and soldier enter, and the vision will not make him a prouder record than the American people have given him.

IMPORTANCE OF A DIVERSIFIED INDUSTRY.

The Southern States afford an illustration of the ruinous tendencies of that policy which neglects the attainment of a diversified industry for the people. Certain of these States have unrivalled advantages for raising cotton, others for tobacco, rice and sugar. To these specialties each devoted itself, exhausting soil by raising crops for successive years off the same fields, and sending them abroad in exchange for the products of the factory, the mine and the workshop. Some of the more Southern States even refused to raise their own food, but depended for it upon the distant States of the North.

The consequence has been, in the first place, an exhausted soil, because of a continual abstraction without any rest, or return of its vital elements. As the land became reduced in productive power, we have exhibited other disagreeable consequences: a sparse population, poverty, lack of churches, schools and other essentials of modern civilization, and a most discouraging condition of society generally.

The contrast between the busy, bustling, wealthy, progressive North is too marked to be unnoticed by the intelligent traveler. The great bar to a diversified industry in the South was the existence of slavery, which compelled the confinement of their industry to the rudest and most primitive kind of labor. That system necessitated an absolute dependence on foreign and distant markets for food, clothing, tools, and, in fact everything which entered into their subsistence or business. While the North has become wealthy and prosperous, the South has found its productive capacity reduced and its prospects every year becoming less promising.

We see in the state of things a warning against the philosophy and theories of the free traders, who would have us make a specialty of grain raising in the North, and of cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco at the South, and buy nothing at home which we can buy cheaper in or from a trans-atlantic market. Excessive foreign competition, unrestricted by protective duties, would soon bring the proud and wealthy States of the North to the same condition to which the South in its blindness, has reduced itself.

For the first time in the history of this Government, the balance of trade with foreign countries is in our favor. That is the best testimonial in favor of protecting our home industry, and of encouraging our people more completely and perfectly to diversify their industry.

THE FARM JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER—NEW FEATURES.

The AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL for November, will be delayed for a few days to give time for the completing of improvements on the paper, and that new features may be presented in the best shape.

The November number of the FARM JOURNAL will contain twenty pages of reading matter, instead of sixteen as heretofore. New departments have been added, and the number will contain six or seven illustrated articles. Among the illustrations, is a portrait of Harry Bassett, the celebrated young race horse, a companion picture to Dexter and Longfellow, appearing in previous numbers. An interesting article on trees, is illustrated, so as to make plain the use of botanical terms. The "mystery of root growth" in trees, is pictured as well as written about. Illustrations accompany two articles on American grasses, and in the miscellaneous department, is given a lengthy article with illustrations, on the California Big Tree, about which so much as been said, and recently, in these columns. Mr. HOWARD resumes his articles on Broom Corn; Col. INNIS talks in his practical and instructive way about farm work; Col. D. C. RICHMOND devotes himself to Lake Shore Fruit matters; Judge T. C. JONES gives another article on Short Horns; an ex-member of the State Board of Agriculture, gives anecdotes of members, and tells among other things how a distinguished member of the Board and a distinguished Legislator trained a bull; TRADDLES gives us his most interesting chapter of "Awkward Situations" and the thirty other contributors, each does his or her part in the various departments.

The number will be, in its table of contents, the best Agricultural paper ever published in this country, and in typographical appearance, will be second to none. Specimen numbers will be sent free on application. The FARM JOURNAL is sent to subscribers for one year for 75 cents. The WEEKLY BLADE and FARM JOURNAL are sent to one address for one year for $2.25. The FARM JOURNAL and *Wood's Household Magazine*, to one address for one year for $1 00 The FARM JOURNAL is the cheapest paper published in this country. Improvements will be made and new features added from time to time.

☞ A Democratic editor at Rushville, Ind., indulges in the most fiendish and malignant expressions in view of the great fire in Chicago. From the far South there comes no such indecent and villanous outpourings of political spite, as from this Indiana Democrat. We did not belive that either at the North or South a heartless, narrow-minded wretch, capable of such partizan malignity, could be found to write such a paragraph as the following. After speaking of the effects of the war at the South, this fiend says:

> That was *then!* Now, that which is not half so horrible thrills their bosom with sympathy, and their hand is quick and liberal to the relief of the sufferers. These things prove man is a good deal lower than the angels, and sometimes, at least, a little higher than the devils. Chicago has lost, perhaps, three hundred million dollars by the fire. The property destroyed in the South is estimated at over one thousand millions. The fire in Chicago was the result of accident. The destruction of property in the South was done purposely by Northern soldiers, and compares exactly with the acts of the Goths and Vandals, savages that overran and subjugated the Roman Empire. But we are living under a higher state of civilization. Chicago did her full share in the destruction of the South. *God adjusts balances.* May be, with Chicago, the books are now squared.

☞ The St. Louis *Republican*, the leading Democratic paper in the Western States, and which has a larger Democratic constituency than any other paper of that politics, has taken the ground that the Democrats ought not to make any nomination for President in 1872, but vote for whoever is put in nomination by the Republicans opposed to Gen. GRANT. The same paper now publishes columns from the Democratic press of Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa and Arkansas, heartily approving the same course.

☞ A large gathering of prominent Republicans assembled in St. Louis on the 18th inst., for the purpose of reorganizing the Republican party upon a basis of harmonious action for the future. It was decided to call a convention, at an early date, of the voters of the State who intend to act for the National Republican party in 1872, for the purpose of constituting a Central State Committee.

☞ Hon. THOMAS EWING was never a member of any church until a few days before his death, when he professed belief in the doctrines of the Catholic church, and received the sacrament, Archbishop PURCELL officiating.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

For family use, the Halford Table Sauce.

"Honest Old Abe" got his first start in life by using a STAR AXE. Try it.

DR. O. W. HOLMES and many distinguished men recommend Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.

A FAVORABLE NOTORIETY.—The good reputation of Brown's Bronchial Troches for the relief of coughs, colds and throat diseases, has given them a favorable notoriety.

WE call attention to advertisement on 5th page of LEONARDSON'S system of Short Hand Investigate, for it certainly merits attention.

The "Safety" Hold-Back, for carriages prevents runaway accidents. Every carriage owner should order circulars from N. W. SIMMONS, Williamsfield, Ohio.

Like "Quaker's Guns," artificial teeth are of little use and easily detected. Take care of the real ones. All you need is fragrant SOZODONT; use it daily and your teeth will be the last of nature's gifts to fail you.

Thirty-five cents. Send thirty-five cents by mail for a package of "Dr. Whittlesey's Cough Granules," a sure cure for coughs, colds and consumption. Pleasant to take. Whittlesey Proprietary Medicine Co., Toledo, Ohio.

If the baby is cutting teeth, use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain, corrects acidity and wind colic, and, by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

Do not endanger your lives and property by burning unsafe oil, when Pratt's Astral Oil may be had at moderate price, and is entirely free from any dangerous qualities. Over 100,000 families, who now use it, can testify to its perfect safety, reliability and purity.

Oil house of Chas. Pratt, 108 Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1770.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—If you wish to look young as well as beautiful, use Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and Lyons' Celebrated Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion natural, transparent and lively. It removes Freckles, Pimples, Moth patches, &c., and instead of a red, rustic face, you have the marble purity of a city belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of youth. Add to this a luxuriant head of hair, produced by Lyon's Kathairon, and a lady has done her happiest thing in the way of adornment. It is the best dressing in the world, and prevents the hair from falling out and turning gray. Sold by all druggists.

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE relieves the most violent paroxysms in five minutes, and effects a speedy cure. Price, $2, by mail.

Superfluous hair removed in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by UPHAM'S Depilatory Powder. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 106, South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free. Sold by all druggists.

We will send a sample STAR AXE to any address for $1 25. C. GERBER & Co.
Toledo, O.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.—The doors of this "Household" are thrown wide open, and all are invited to enter in. As some are doubtless strangers within the gate, permit us to introduce to you the "Minister's Housekeeper," the temporary hostess. She is of high birth, being one of Mrs. HARRIET Beecher Stowe's children of the brain. James Parton has much to say about the "Wife of Washington." He converses in such a *noted* manner we think Mrs. Parton will forgive him. "The Children's Portion" is contributed by Kate Hamilton, and she has such a winning way we unhesitatingly pronounce her a *Prize*. Theodore Tilton, for variety's sake, propounds the question: "Should Women Wear Jewelry?" and then replies to it. Horace Greeley discusses "Capital and Labor," and as his argument involves both, it is worthy of attention. Gail Hamilton makes a very pretty and graceful retort to the veteran just mentioned, who in a previous speech took her to task for certain ideas she advanced upon farming. "The Pioneer Boy" is introduced by Bessie Rhees, probably as another argument in favor of Gail Hamilton's views; he engaged our attention at once. Dio Lewis could not have chosen a subject of greater interest, especially among the ladies, than "Human Hair." Tenoroon's "Fancies," are strange but interesting. "Live Not to Yourself," is the advice of Jennie Joy, and Isaac Waldron follows out her advice by exposing to mankind "The Difficulties and Dangers of Publishing." John G. Saxe, furnishes the "Melon and the Rose," and "Kathleen, the little Clayborer," looks on with sad, hungry eyes. "The Captain as a Man of Letters," is evidently a man of heart, and his story is well told. There is much more, worthy of note, had we time and space so to do, but suffice it to say the November number of *Wood's Household Magazine* is unsurpassed in excellence.

The music is by W. T. [illegible], and is a charming little song entitled "Waiting by the River." Address S. S. WOOD & Co., Newburgh, N. Y., who will mail three numbers of the magazine, free, including November.

A young man with a STAR AXE swung over his shoulder need care for NO one, for it will bring him riches.

John F. Henry.

New York is a most remarkable place for remarkable men. All grades and classes are fully represented. There are men with money and men without money; men with brains and men (we are sorry to say) without brains; men with honor and men (we are more sorry to say) without honor; men with restless ambition, and men who are content to grope along in their limited spheres of usefulness or uselessness, as the case may be.

There are probably more really ambitious men in New York than in any other city of the Union. It is, perhaps, needless to add, however, that they do not always succeed. Some over-reach, and meet with precisely the same fate that befel the fabled dog who dropped the meat to grasp the shadow. Some miscalculate, and are swept away into swift oblivion by the undercurrent of life's restless ocean, possibly never to be heard of again. A few, and very few they are, compared to the vast multitudinous throng of ambitious men, achieve success, more or less brilliant, according to their force of character and energy of action.

One of these is he whose name stands at the head of this article. He is known among the men with whom he comes into immediate business contact, as the master spirit of the Proprietary Medicine business on this continent, and the head of the largest warehouse devoted to this business in the world. He is known among men of political aspirations as a man holding no office whatever, but possessing such an influence as to control and direct offices within the disposal of the executive—a man held in the highest estimation by the President and Vice President, both of whom are wont to visit him at his private house when in the city, and with whom he is on terms of the most intimate friendship, and who weigh his suggestions with the gravest consideration.

As a Republican, he is even now making the most strenuous exertions to reunite the elements of his party, and he it was who first suggested the politic practicability of giving the nomination for Vice President for the coming Presidential election to HORACE GREELEY, a suggestion which we yet hope to see carried into effect.

Mr. JOHN F. HENRY has been more than successful in every undertaking of his busy life. He has been a liberal, though not a prodigal or reckless advertiser, and he is precisely in the Drug Trade what A. T. STEWART is in the Dry Goods line, except that he is a much younger man. He is a well educated man, quick to act, genial, friendly, hospitable and kind.

He has been proposed as a candidate for Congressional honors, and we see by late Brooklyn papers that his name appears among those of other high-toned Republican gentlemen as an eligible candidate for the Mayoralty of that city. As he commands the respect, and possesses the esteem of all parties, his election would be almost certain if he should be the Republican nominee.

His financial successes have been more extraordinary than, if possible, his political. He has made his own fortune in the legitimate channels of business, without resorte to outside speculation, and he ranks, to-day, among the millionaires of New York, while but a few years ago, he was beginning life as an obscure druggist, in a rural town of Vermont. So rapid has been his rise that the light of his brilliant reputation is but just beginning to burst upon the people, and in a few years more, if life and health are spared, his name will be a household word everywhere in this country at least, and the synonym for honesty, perseverance, industry, and successful enterprise wherever it is known.

Correspondence.

Wanderings in the West.

No. 26.

DEAR BLADE:—One of our readers writing from La Harpe, Ill., criticizes my letter No. 22, and attempts to show that the calculation therein contained was not a fair one, and that such statements, if allowed to go uncorrected, may do a great deal of harm. As the same thoughts may have occurred to others I present the letter of our correspondent in full. It is as follows:

In Mr. Miller's letter No. 22, he mentions the case of a young man he met on the cars who had been reading his letters, and had about made up his mind to go to Kansas, etc.

I think Mr. Miller in his little calculation for the benefit of this young man, and thousands of others who read his glittering array of figures, has omitted one very important item in his calculation, namely, health.

Suppose the young man goes on after the plan laid down by Mr. Miller. After securing 320 acres of land he will then have $1,440 left. We will now deduct for necessary expenses of living, $360; for sickness, loss of time, doctor's bill, etc., $60, making $860, which amount deducted from his remaining capital of $1,440, leaves $580, and this at the end of the first year, and he has actually nothing but his own land and $580 to improve with and live on the coming year. I have not even taken into the account a dwelling of any kind under which to lay his head. I do not wish to accuse Mr. Miller with trying to delude young men, but I am sadly afraid such glittering array of figures will do an untold amount of evil if the other side of the picture is not exposed to view.

For the benefit of those who have "Kansas on the brain," I will relate my experience and the results.

Two years ago, the 12th day of last September, I started for Kansas, and as our excursion train rolled over those prairies we all exclaimed, "How beautiful!" I thought my eyes had never beheld so grand a sight before, although a resident of Illinois since 1833.

Well, I came home, told my story to my listening relations, and the result was that two of my nephews went to Kansas to carve out a fortune after the plan laid down by Mr. Miller. One of the brothers took a young wife with him to share the joys and sorrows of a new home. After an experience of less than one year she returned home, the ghost of her former self. Even her parents did not recognize their only daughter, who had left them in the bloom of health. Less than one year of Kansas life took the color from her cheek, and left the deadly palor of ague in its stead. The two brothers are staying to perfect their title to their land, and are shaking every day. Such is the view of Kansas after the romantic veil which letter writers throw around it is withdrawn.

In replying to the above I wish to say that it has been my aim in every one of these letters, to lay *facts* before my readers, and leave them to draw their own conclusions. I take it for granted they are people of good sense and sound judgment, and such information concerning the West and its capabilities as I have given and shall give them, will assist those who think of emigrating in deciding whether it is better for them to go or not. I have sought from the first to impress upon my readers the fact that there was no royal road to wealth in the west any more than there is in the east—that those who go must expect—especially if they are in limited circumstances, to endure privations for a while which perhaps they would not have to endure in their old homes in the east. But that if they had the courage and the perseverance to get through the first year or two there were good homes for them in the great west.

I do not think my La Harpe friend could have read very carefully the letter which he criticises, for in the beginning of it I said: "I wrote once before, and repeat it, there is no royal road to wealth in the west any more than there is in the east, or in the north or the south. It takes work every where I have ever been to win success, and he who expects to win it any other way will fail, and he will neither receive nor deserve much sympathy. But for the man—young or middle-aged—who knows how to work and is willing to do it—who is willing to 'endure hardness for a season,' looking to the future for his reward, there are fine opportunities in the west."

Then again at the close of the same letter, I said:—"There are thousands of people who can very greatly better their condition by going, and there are other thousands who would much better remain where they are."

And thus I have sought to impress upon those who thought of emigrating the importance of weighing well the arguments pro and con, before deciding the question.

Now as to the question of health which my friend says I have omitted in the calculation. He might say with as much reason that I had omitted the question of fire, or of flood, or of drouth, or anything else over which man has no control. These are things we must take the chances on, no matter where we are. If my correspondent knows of any place where people don't get sick, I promise him to go there immediately and prepare another "glittering array of figures" about the prosperity of the people.

Suppose his relatives who went to Kansas had remained in Illinois, has he any assurance that they would not have been sick there? I have heard of people in Illinois having the ague, and presume they are not entirely exempt from other diseases.

As to the "glittering array of figures" of which my friend complains, I have only to say that they were based on what I know to have been done, and in the very letter to which he takes exceptions I gave an instance of the success of a young man who commenced four years ago with a little over two thousand dollars, and has now a good farm of 320 acres, for which he has been offered thirty dollars an acre. This may be called a "glittering array of figures," still it is what has been done, and what can and will be done again.

All will not succeed thus who try; sickness will frustrate the plans of some, bad management will prevent the success of others, but these things are not peculiar to the West. People fail by reason of these things everywhere, and it is not fair to argue that because they do so in the West sometimes, therefore nobody should go there. The fallacy in this is plain to everyone.

But there is one thing which I should have put in my letter No. 22, and which I will mention here. It is this, that although the young man of whom I wrote succeeded on a capital of two thousand dollars in securing a farm of 320 acres—160 by preemption and 160 of a Railroad company—I would not as a rule advise every one with that amount of money to attempt to get so much land. It is a mistake many persons make when they take too much land and thus embarrass themselves in case of sickness or a failure of crops. Better it possible keep something ahead for a rainy day. A little farm well tilled is far better than many broad acres only half cultivated. If a man has plenty of means so that he will not be embarrassed by sickness or a failure of crops, he can make a very profitable investment in lands which he can not at once bring into cultivation. But most people who go west to secure homes haven't got plenty of means, and too many bring embarrassment upon themselves by taking more land than they can pay for.

In concluding this letter I wish to thank my friend at La Harpe for his criticism, for it has afforded me the opportunity of correcting some impressions which perhaps others besides himself had entertained. And I will add that criticisms upon these letters from any of my readers will always be treated with respectful consideration.

A. P. M.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24, 1871.

Washington has been more sickly for two or three months past than I have ever known it. In some localities almost every family has had a case of chills and fever, and in some cases the disease takes on typhoid symptoms. Our citizens attribute the cause to the general upturning of the streets by the operations of the new Board of Public Works. If there is, in fact, any malarial influence buried deep down under our city there is no doubt that it has been uncovered; for swarms of workmen may be seen in every direction, pick in hand, digging for the construction of sewers, the laying of water-mains, the grading and paving of streets, and the curbing and bricking of sidewalks. Never, before, has the old "mud-hole" had such a disturbance in its bowels, and if the people shake it is no more than should be expected from living on such shaky foundations. There is some consolation in the thought that we shall by and by be more comfortable for these upheavals and that the nuisance of dust and mud, which has always been a standing complaint against Washington, is likely to be abated.

We do not, as yet, get back our abandoned hotels; and never, in the history of Washington life, has there been such a shutting up of these bee-hives of population. The Seaton House, Jenness House and Willard's have been closed for many months, and it is now announced that our new hotel, the Arlington, has got into the hands of the Marshal, and is to go with the rest. Willard's has gone into new hands and will probably be opened before the meeting of Congress.

The disturbance in the New York money market, consequent on the western fires, produces very little effect here, as yet; but there is a feeling in some quarters that the worst is not over, and that a period of general depression is at hand. This is not, however, solely because of the losses and derangements produced by these fires, but partly from disturbances in the London money market, produced by the heavy payments made by the French on their indemnity to the Germans. These payments are said to be the largest in the world's history, and as they are made through London the heavy drafts for specie which they produce cause fearful gaps in the coin balances of the Bank of England, causing great alarm, not only in Europe, but in America.

A statement of the sums now being paid, reduced to American money, shows $40,000,000 paid by the City of Paris, and $60,000,000 more for the maintenance of German troops in France pending the settlement, besides a first payment for indemnity amounting to $235,000,000, making together $335,000,000. There is also a payment of $30,000,000 due for interest, and $100,000,000 to be paid next spring in six installments, so that the money to be transferred from France to Germany next year will be more than $450,000,000. These large sums not only drain France, but all the money centres in Europe, and they must remain locked up in Germany for a long time before they can get back again to the ordinary channels of trade. Of course, such a disturbance is not likely to exist abroad without producing some effect here. You will notice from a despatch received to-day that there is great scarcity of money in France, and that the Bank of France has issued 35,000,000 of francs in currency, to supply the want.

Since the return of the President and the several cabinet officers who accompanied him on his eastern trip, no new political combinations have been reported, and everything is quiet.

The Civil Service Commission is making satisfactory progress, and will undoubtedly report a plan, both for appointments and promotions, which will be a great improvement on the present system. They cannot, however, free the civil service from the control of the Executive, as that exists by a provision of the constitution.

The Naval professors who went abroad to take observations on the total eclipse of the sun have their report in type, and it will be given to the public about the 1st of November. The total eclipse which is to take place on the 12th of December, will not be visible in America, and the officers of the observatory are too much in arrears with their work to give it any attention. It will, however, be carefully looked after by the English astronomers. There is to be a transit of Venus in 1874 which will command great attention here, and our government will send out a cordon of observers to take advantage of the event in aid of astronomical science.

We are expecting the Alexis party very soon after its advent in New York. It is announced that the Grand Duke will take the train for Washington; the next day and will reach here in the evening between 5 and 6 o'clock. His coming will make a little additional excitement, but will not materially disturb the surface of upper-tendom.

The conviction of Hawkins at Salt Lake city was expected here, and is in accordance with the plan of the Government for bringing the Mormons into a condition of obedience to the laws of the United States. Of course the bigamists can be easily crushed by the power of the Government, but it is hoped that no occasion for putting forth that power will arise. The Mormons are, however, very excitable, and it is by no means certain that they will not make an effort at resistance.

The election in New York is near at hand, but there are no very decided indications as to the general result. In some quarters very exaggerated views are entertained of the effect of the Tammany exposures, but only the actual count of votes will show whether the "incorruptible" Democracy have suffered much loss or not.

BUCKEYE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26, 1871.

The appeals which come to us from the burning forests of Wisconsin and Michigan, have the misfortune to follow the exhaustive efforts in behalf of Chicago, but they have, nevertheless, awakened public sympathy to a large extent, and collections of relief were lifted in nearly all our churches on Sunday last. Large contributions of second hand clothing and other household materials have also been furnished by our citizens and forwarded; but later advices seem to indicate that these benefactions ought to be increased. A calamity so sudden and wide-spread has never before befallen any large community in this country.

Some attention is called by our papers to the atrocious comments of the *Indiana American* on the Chicago fire. The *American*, being edited by Finley Bigger, Register of the Treasury under Frank Pierce, and of course a leading Democrat, makes the utterance important and serves to show what is still in the hearts of these bitter partizan leaders. The article which you have probably noticed, compares the destruction in Chicago to the destruction of Sherman's great raid, in his march to the sea, and closes thus:

"The property destroyed in the South is estimated at a thousand millions of dollars. The fire was the result of accident. The destruction in the South was done purposely by Northern soldiers, and compares exactly with the acts of the Goths and Vandals that overrun Rome. Chicago did her full share in the destruction of the South. *God adjusts balances. Maybe the books, with Chicago, are now squared.*" If the God who "adjusts balances" should take into consideration the case of this poor Ku Klax editor, it is terrible to think what would happen.—But he is one of the "spared monuments."

News is received confirming the despatch published some days ago, that Brazil had passed an ordinance for the release of all her slaves. The particulars are not yet given, but the vote (44 to 33) indicates that the majority is so strong as to be proof against retraction. The result was received with cheers, and there seems to be no doubt that the only remaining slave empire of the world has washed its hands of this stupendous wrong.

We were told that the administration was defeated in Massachusetts when Butler was defeated. The answer to that slander is to be found in the clear and forcible endorsement of President Grant and his policy in the admirable address of the Massachusetts State Committee. Nothing could be more conclusive as to the public sentiment of New England, and the settled policy of the Republican leaders in that quarter. They have simply reflected the will of the masses.

The Horton affair does not stir up the "muss" that was expected; and if it was really a trick of Butler's to interrupt our friendly relations with Queen Vic. it has failed. This administration is for peace, and England is not in a mood to be offended on slight provocation.

The action of Secretary Robeson in punishing the "hazers" at Annapolis has been promptly responded to by the war department, and the order of Secretary Belknap expelling half a dozen West Pointers for like offenses meets with warm applause from every side. "Served 'em right," is the universal verdict.

Treasurer Spinner declines to make good the losses of greenbacks by fire, declaring that there is no law to warrant him in so doing. Torn and charred bills he can replace. The matter was brought to his notice by a gentleman in Chicago who had lost greenbacks by the late fire.

Our broken cabinet furniture does not get repaired—Secretary Robeson has gone home to New Jersey to put things in order for the November election; Secretary Boutwell is on a visit to Boston, where he is probably writing up his report; Secretary Delano has gone to New England to post up the American Missionary Society on his Indian policy; and Secretary Akerman is still absent in the South. But these absences are temporary and will only last for a few days.

Catecazy, the Russian Minister, is very busy with his preparations for the reception of the Grand Duke, and Mrs. Catecazy, who is the better man of the two, will have her house in "apple pie order" when Alexis arrives. She is a dashing woman, that don't like to be ignored and don't mean to be forgotten. Her beautiful pheaton, drawn by two blood horses, is one of the notable objects on our streets, where it may be seen on any afternoon in these bright October days. But Catecazy's career in this city is to be brought to a close after the Duke's departure.

It looks to your correspondent as if our friends in this District were to have reverses in the coming election, which takes place late in November. Thus far jealousies, angry disputations, harsh epithets, and grave disorders mark the proceedings in the primary meetings, and it is evident that the strong majorities run up last spring are a means of weakness rather than of strength. A large margin gives a license to large dissensions, and the Democracy stand ready to avail themselves of any advantage.

Things in Virginia continue to look well, and the tidings from New York are more and more favorable. If it be true, as is reported this morning, that the Tammany rascals will be put through criminal prosecutions and get their deserts, the effect will certainly show itself in the coming battle.

I notice that Governor Hoffman has appeared first with his Thanksgiving proclamation, and I think that if Tammany goes under there will be something to be thankful for. BUCKEYE.

The Great Conflagration.

For the Blade.

The conflagration was appalling. Commencing two blocks west of the river, and about one block north of 12th street, in a cow-shed, it swept everything within two blocks of the river as far north as Harrison street. Then extending its lurid arm to the edge of the lake, it strode to the main stem of the river; and the heart of our beautiful city was burned to ashes. Across the narrow river the giant sprang and leveled the entire North Division of the city; from river to lake but one house is standing, the frame residence of one of Chicago's oldest citizens.

I drove to the north side while the fire was raging on that terrible Monday afternoon, and saw acres on acres of buildings in flames, and acres of terrified men, women and children fleeing for their lives. From North Halstead street bridge I looked along a mighty line of fire, more than a mile in length, sweeping northward with an energy and remorselessness beyond the power of the imagination to conceive. Arms of flame embracing blocks of buildings; tongues of fire leaping heavenward; hundreds of windows glaring like blood-red eyes, and over all a vault of smoke filled with a great constellation of glowing sparks and cinders.

The fiend has desolated nearly 4½ square miles of this city. Can you imagine 2,880 acres of ruins? Court House, Post Office, Railway Depots, several elevators, and all the grand hotels. The banks, newspaper buildings, theatres, commercial palaces, and palatial residences; all are gone. And one-third of the population are homeless. 110,000 homeless people; 110,000 people who would have been destitute and starving, but for the grand national outpouring of money, food and clothing! Everywhere has charity found an abiding place; it is more than national, it is universal. The civilized world weeps over the woes of our poor city. The heart of the world throbs for her, and the hand of the world offers man's choicest gifts in time of need. Who dare doubt the universal brotherhood of man? I have seen the eyes of strong men fill with tears when speaking of the sublime charity displayed everywhere.—Rival cities are no longer rivals, but mourners who weep for Chicago in her great affliction. We, in the midst of this desolation, feel deeply the great debt of gratitude that is due to all. Tears spring to my eyes when I think of the grand old charitable heart of humanity, of its mightiest throb in the history of the world. Thank God we live in the nineteenth century! I mourn for Chicago in her desolation, but I glory in the grandeur of the love and sympathy and charity which the calamity has evoked."

S.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

SALT LAKE, Oct. 28.—Chief Justice McKean this morning passed sentence upon Thomas Hawkins, the polygamist, as follows: "Thomas Hawkins, I am sorry for you—very sorry. You may not think so now, but I shall try to make you think so by the mercy which I shall show you. You came from England to this country with the wife of your youth; for many years you were a kind husband and kind father. At length, however, the evil spirit of polygamy tempted and possessed you. Then happiness departed from your household, and now by the complaint of your faithful wife and the verdict of a law-abiding jury, you stand at the bar a convicted criminal. The law gives me a large discretion in passing sentence upon you. I might both fine and imprison you, or I might fine you only, or imprison. I might imprison you twenty years and fine you one thousand dollars. I cannot imprison you less than three years, nor fine you less than $300. It is right that you should be fined, among other reasons to help defray the expenses of enforcing the law; but my experience in Utah has been such, that were I to fine you only, I am satisfied that the fine would be paid out of other funds than yours, and thus you go free—absolutely free from all punishment—and then those men who mislead the people would make you and thousands of others believe that God had sent the money to pay the fine; that God had prevented the Court from sending you to prison; that by a miracle you had been rescued from the authorities of the United States. I must look to it that my judgment give no aid and comfort to such men. I must look to it that my judgment be not so severe as to seem vindictive, and not so light as to seem to trifle with justice. This community ought to begin to learn that God does not interpose to rescue criminals from the consequences of their crimes, but, on the contrary, He so orders the affairs of His universe that sooner or later crime stands face to face with justice, and face to face to the master. I will say here and now, that whenever your good behavior and the public good shall justify me in doing so, I will gladly recommend that you be pardoned. The judgment of the court is that you be fined $100, and that you be imprisoned at hard labor for the term of three years.

Contrary to all expectations, there was little or no excitement in the Court room. The attendance was large, but generally all maintained a proper decorum. The United States Marshal and deputies were fully prepared for any emergency. Notice of appeal to the Supreme Court was given by prisoner's counsel.

Warrants are out for the arrest of Brigham Young and his son, John A. Young, on a charge of murder, in having ordered the killing of Richard Yates. The indictments on all these murder cases, are understood to be founded upon the testimony of Bill Hickman, who was once what is termed by the Gentiles a Danite, or secret agent of the Mormon authorities. Yates visited the Mormon camp during the rebellion of 1857, ostensibly to sell powder. The Mormons regarded him as a spy, and some weeks afterwards arrested him and placed him in custody of Hickman, to be taken to jail at Salt Lake. D. E. Wells then commanded the Mormon troops, and Hosea Stout was Judge Advocate. On the way to Salt Lake they killed Yates, as he says, by orders from Brigham Young and Joseph A. Young, at the instigation of Wells and Stout. Hickman also is now confined at camp Douglas. He went with officers to Echo Canon, and after pointing out the spot where he had buried Yates, assisted in disinterring the remains.

Daniel H. Wells, Mayor of the city, Hoses Stout, formerly Attorney General of the Territory, and Wm. Belden, of Kimball's Hotel, in Parley Canon, were arrested an hour since by United States Marshal Patrick upon an indictment of the Grand Jury, charging them with the murder of Tom Fitch. They made application to be admitted to bail, which application will be heard on Monday morning. The prisoners were placed in a carriage and taken to Camp Douglass. Slight excitement prevailed at the Marshal's office while the accused were there waiting for a conveyance to camp, some policemen saying they should not go to prison if they did not wish to go, and one or two women calling out to the officers to take them if they dare, they would fight them with vengeance, &c. The officers, however, were firm, and nothing serious happened. The alleged crime consists in the killing of Richard Yates, and a man named Buck, several years ago.

A warrant was out for the arrest of Orson Hyde, one of the twelve apostles, upon the same charge, but he eluded the deputies who were sent to arrest him. He was pursued to the southern part of the territory.

A man named Bennet was found dead on the State road, about eight miles from this city, this morning, with four shots in his body.

Hundreds of people, mostly Mormons, visited Camp Douglass to-day, to see the Mayor and other prisoners. Gen. Morrow gave the visitors unrestrained access to their friends, and by his courteous remarks and manner inspired a much better feeling than might have been expected under the circumstances. The parties are quartered in a comfortable and well furnished cottage, and seem quite cheerful. A guard of soldiers are stationed on the outside.

Elder George Q. Cannon arrived this morning from San Francisco and preached this afternoon in the large tabernacle, to an audience numbering at least ten thousand. His mind had evidently undergone a remarkable change, for he advised his hearers to abstain from any act of violence, and to submit to the law.—God would protect and deliver them from their persecutors. The crusade against them, he said, would only tend to strengthen and glorify them in the end. Their church could not be overturned; their faith was the inspiration of the divine spirit, and would endure forever.

Elder Pratt was not so conservative.—He did not want any whining judge to say to him, as he did to Hawkins, "I am sorry for you." He wanted no sympathy from any federal official. He was ready to go to jail for twenty years, but no pity for him from such a source. He predicted that God would annihilate the present persecutors of the Mormon people.

Nothing further has been heard from Orson Hyde, the apostle. It is thought he has gone to Arizona, or Mexico. Joseph A. Young, son of Brigham, has returned to the city, but he is not yet arrested.

A row occurred late last night between a Mormon and a United States deputy marshal, which resulted in the marshal knocking the Mormon down and afterwards arresting him. For a time it was reported that an attempt had been made to assassinate the deputy, and there was great excitement. All is now quiet, and there is no indication of further disturbance. The late arrests, however, have created a marked depression in the Mormon community.

DR. MEDLICOTT FOUND GUILTY.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 27.—A despatch from Garnet, Kansas, says that the jury in the Dr. Medlicott murder case, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. A motion for a new trial is to be argued for November first. Medlicott is profusely confident of eventual liberation.

CHICAGO, Oct. 25.—The banks are running smoothly. They have few calls for loans, and deposits are abundant. Many of the Eastern and European insurance companies are paying their losses promptly, and these funds furnish our merchants with money to purchase goods, and to capitalists, the means to rebuild.

The grain, lumber and live stock markets are brisk, and as much is doing as before the fire—in lumber much more.

Potter Palmer is pushing up his new Grand Hotel as fast as possible. When the fire took place, the walls were up to the top of the first story of the superstructure. They sustained no damage of any consequence. He will have a full force on during the winter, and expects to have it up to the top of the fourth story by June. The store rooms in the first story he will have ready for occupation the first of January. They will rent for $40,000.

By an oversight, the liberal contributions for the Chicago suffering poor from Louisville, Ky., and Titusville, Penn., have not been properly acknowledged.—Both were munificent and among the first to donate.

The confirmation of the two political parties for the next city and county elections has not yet been fully consummated, owing to the large number of candidates and the diversity of views of those engaged in the work of combining; but the work will probably be accomplished—at least that is the prevailing opinion. There is no diversity of feeling in regard to the nomination of Mr. Madell for Mayor, Mr. Sage for City Treasurer, and Mr. Jamison for Judge of the Superior Court. They are all popular. The nomination of Mr. Hall for County Treasurer is proving very generally unpopular. Mr. Phillips has been substituted.

Gen. Lippincott, State Auditor, has filed a bill in the Circuit Court for the dissolution of the Republic Insurance Company of Chicago, on the ground of insolvency and mismanagement of its affairs by its directors. It is ascertained that its cash assets are $1,113,000; its risks outstanding $14,000,000; losses by the recent fire, over $4,000,000. The stock notes amount to $3,992,800. It is alleged that many of the stockholders are insolvent, and their notes cannot be collected.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—At a recent Cabinet Council, held to consider questions relating to the royal family, the Queen was asked to give her consent to the marriage of the Duke of Edinburg with a Russian princess. Also to consent to the establishment of a regency, with the Prince of Wales as regent. She refused assent to either proposition, and subsequently refused to affix the royal signature to public documents which were presented. The Cabinet afterwards continued the discussion of the question of a regency, and the definite proposition was introduced to appoint a Chancellor to sign documents in place of the Queen.

Nearly twelve thousand people were present at Greenwich to-day, to hear the speech of Mr. Gladstone. When he arrived, he was greeted with cheers. He said he was profoundly impressed with the grandeur of the welcome. He then discussed the subjects agitating the public. The chief complaint against the government was that it attempted too much, but a necessity existed for stating views of proceedings and measures on more subjects than it was possible to carry into immediate effect. The present liberal administration had had the longest life of any administration since 1832. There was reason to believe its vitality is unimpaired. The facts connected with the dismissals from the dock yards, were grossly exaggerated. The total number of men discharged were only 2,463, and the reduction was in accordance with the policy of his predecessor. The economy of the present government through the abolition of official patronage was gratifying. There was reason for congratulation over the abolition of the purchase system in the army. The House of Lords might need reform, but nothing should be done precipitately. The Lords had not acted wisely in rejecting the ballot bill, which would be again introduced. The contagious diseases act would be considered at the next session in a manner to command the sympathy of the nation. At the conclusion, a resolution of welcome to Gladstone was carried, there being only about 200 dissenting voices.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 26.—A general order from the War Office directs an entire reorganization of the Imperial army, and calling to arms the whole adult male population of the country. The order creates numerical strength to the field and Landwehr forces of the empire to the total of 1,600,000 men when required for war purposes—sixty-six regiments of Cossacks not included in the order. The order creates also further military force of the reserve to be employed in the event of invasion. The order is equivalent to the mobilization of the population of the entire nation, and makes every man capable of bearing arms, a soldier on peace footing. The reinforcements ordered to the artillery will add the strength of 1,000 guns to the batteries already in service.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—Queen Victoria contributed £500 for the relief of Chicago sufferers. The fund at the Mansion House last night amounted to $41,000.

The Mayor of Bristol announces that he has received $1,600 for Chicago.

PARIS, Oct. 25.—Rossal, a Communist leader, has appealed a second time from the decision of the military court, before which he was tried, and his appeal has again been rejected.

The pardon commission meets on the 8th proximo, when a large proportion of the Communists remaining in prison will be liberated.

M. Goulled will be sent by the Government to Frankfort and meet the agent of North Germany to arrange details for carrying out the customs and a portion of the recently concluded treaty.

Prince Napoleon has definitely resigned his seat in the Council General of Corsica, and gone to Italy.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—U. S. Minister Schenk is indisposed and has gone into the country to recuperate.

VIENNA, Oct. 27.—The resignations of Ministers have been accepted by the Emperor. No successor to the Court of Honenwart has been named. It is probable that Chevalier Schmerling will be called on to take the head of the new Ministry.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—The Mansion House fund for Chicago amounts £42,250. Belfast subscription £5,000. Liberal contributions are received from towns in Ulster.

ROME, Oct. 28.—An allocution of the Pope is published, in which, while he recognizes the Bishops appointed by the Italian Government, as possessing the requisite qualifications, he solemnly repudiates Italy's guarantees, and protests against an invasion of the Holy See; he also condemns the course of Dollinger and such as are following his example in warring against the decisions of the Ecumenical Council.

MADRID, Oct. 28.—In the Cortes yesterday a memorial from the government was read, that in the future the colonial budget will be submitted to the Cortes. It also stated that the cost of the war in Cuba during the past year was $61,000,000, and that the colonial deficit for the year would amount to $11,000,000. The government asks for the credit of $30,000,000 for military purposes.

A conspiracy has been discovered among the troops stationed at Barcelonia. Twenty men concerned in it have been arrested.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—The following proclamation has been received:

A PROCLAMATION, BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The process of the season has again enabled the husbandman to garner the fruits of successful toil. Industry has been generally rewarded. We are at peace with all nations, tranquility, with few exceptions, prevails at home. Within the past year we have in the main been free from the ills which have elsewhere afflicted our kind. If some of us have had calamities, they should be an occasion for sympathy with the sufferers, for resignation on their part to the will of the Most High, and for rejoicing to many who have been more favored.

I therefore recommend that on Thursday, the thirtieth day of November next, the people meet at their respective places of worship, there to make acknowledgments to Almighty God for the blessings He has conferred upon them, and their merciful exemption from evils, and to invoke His protection and kindness for their less fortunate brethren, whom in His wisdom He deemed it best to chastise.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of State to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-eighth day of October, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Seventy-One, and of the Independence of the United States, the Ninety-sixth.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President:
HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

TACHYGRAPHY.—A system of Short Hand Writing that is new, wonderful, concise and acquired in *thirty minutes*, by any one who can read. One month's practice will make you an accomplished Reporter. A trial will convince you. More complete, more condensed than any other system in use. A Chart sent to any person sending 50 cents to C. C. LEONARDSON, P. O. Box 148, Toledo, Ohio. nov2w4w

WATCHES that are WATCHES.

We shall be pleased to send our DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST of Genuine WALTHAM WATCHES, together with an illustrated pamphlet entitled a History of Watch-making, to all who send us their address. No matter how remote you are from New York, we can sell you a Watch at the same price as if you were here. When you write, mention that you saw this notice in the Toledo Blade. HOWARD & CO., 865 Broadway, New York nov2w1w

THE FOLIO.
The Musical Journal of America.

THE FOLIO, a Monthly Journal of Art, Literature and Music, contains 3 pieces of Music worth in sheet form $1.50; a superb portrait of some prominent artist, and thirty columns of original reading matter each month, all for 10 cents, or $1 per year. Every news dealer has it. November number, containing the popular songs, "Will You Meet me by the Side," "White Wings of Love," Barcarole—Bennett; "Nearer my God to Thee," sacred quartette arranged by Wm. Gooch; and a splendid portrait of Rose Hersee, just out. In order to give every one opportunity to see our paper, will send specimen copies on application. Address WHITE, SMITH & PERRY, Boston, Mass. nov2w1w

WANTED AGENTS for our new, intensely interesting, elegantly illustrated and fast-selling book

STATE PRISON LIFE.
By One who has been there.

WRITTEN BY A CONVICT IN A CONVICT'S CELL

This truly unique work presents an inside view of State Prison Life, and from a stand-point never before occupied. Unmistakable indications point to it as the great, fast-selling subscription book of the year. Circulars, copious extracts, and 18 sample engravings sent free; or a bound prospectus of 164 pages for 50 cents. C. F. VENT, Publisher, 38 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O., and 5 Custom House Place, Chicago. nov2w1w 6w

Agents Wanted---Great Inducements!

MORMONISM. Being descriptive of LIFE IN UTAH. By a sister of a High Priest, who was one of its victims, but made her escape. Crushing evidence against Brigham Young and the Elders, and her affidavits to the Government. Plots, assassinations and victims. Just the book for the times. Illustrated. Pages 472. Price $2. BELKNAP & BLISS, Hartford, Conn, or W. S. BLISS, Toledo, Ohio. nov2w4w

WANTED.—Salesmen to sell goods at wholesale by sample. Liberal salary paid. Address BROWN & CO., 152 West Washington Str., Chicago, Ill. nov2w2w

EXPERIMENTS IN MAGNETISM, Illustrated.—A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam, Sketches, Puzzles, Tricks, will be found in November number of HAPPY HOURS, an illustrated magazine for all classes. Each number contains something of interest to everybody. Only 25 cents until the end of 1872. Specimen copies and Premium List FIVE CENTS. TRY IT. Address Happy Hours Company, No. 22 Ann St., New York. nov2w1w

PLANT Hyacinth, Tulip and all hardy bulbs in October and Nov. Catalogues sent to former friends without request, to others on receipt of stamp. S. H. MARTIN, Marblehead, Mass. nov2w1w

WHISKERS! One package of Prof. Hall's Magic Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. 25 cents a package post-paid; 5 for 50 cents. EDGAR JONES, Ashland, Mass. nov2w4w

$100 to 250 per month guaranteed. Sure to Agents everywhere selling our new seven-strand *White Button Clothes Lines*. Sells readily at every house. Samples free. Address the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa. nov2w4w6w

AGENTS WANTED—To sell Triumph Washing Machine. Was awarded the first premium at the following fairs: Erie County, N. Y., 1870; Eaton County, Michigan, 1871; International Industrial Exhibition, Buffalo, 1871. Address ERB & SON, Buffalo, N. Y. nov2w1w

SURE CURE for Spermatorrhœa, night losses, self-abuse and sexual exhaustion, &c. The result of early abuse and excesses. Prescription sent free by Dr. E. HILTON, Cincinnati, Ohio. nov2w4w 78t

STOP! EVERYBODY READ THIS! SEND 50 cents and stamp for sample of our new Apparent, Fruit and Potatoe Peeler and Slicer, which sells quickly to every family. $5 to $10 per day guaranteed free now. Best city reference given for our responsibility. SCOTT & THURSTON, 14 West 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio nov1w4w

IRON CITY COLLEGE, Pittsburgh, Pa. The oldest, largest, best Business College in the United States. For circulars address J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal. nov1w4w 52t

DR. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS

They are a Gentle Purgative and Tonic FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS,

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder,

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION,

FOR SKIN DISEASES,

Pin, Tape and other Worms,

New Music.

C. A. WHITE'S BEAUTIFUL Songs, Duetts, Quartettes and Trios.

SONGS WITH CHORUSES.

I hear thy sweet voice calling,	40 cts
Will you meet me by the rill,	40 "
Now 'tis bed-time,	40 "
Put me in my little bed,	40 "
In her little bed we laid her,	40 "
Mother take me home again,	40 "
Come, Birdie, come,	40 "
Little Emily,	40 "

BALLAD.

'Twas milking time,	40 "

The above are embellished with a fine lithograph.

TRIOS.

O, restless sea! for soprano, tenor and bass,	50 "
Hope beyond; duett for tenor and bass,	50 "
Only Thee; duett for soprano and tenor,	50 "
No tongue can tell; concert song for tenor,	50 "

QUARTETTES.

Moonlight on the Lake,	60 "
Home by the River,	60 "
Queen of the Beautiful!	50 "

MALE QUARTETTES.

Dancing over the waves,	60 "
Bugle Horn,	60 "
Whippowill's Call,	60 "
My Gondola awaits thee,	40 "
Queen of the Beautiful,	50 "

SACRED QUARTETTES.

Guide us in the path of right,	50 "
God in mercy hear our prayer,	50 "
Is it all life to live,	50 "
Almighty God thou knowest best,	50 "
Know ye the Lord is God,	50 "

The above list is all C. A. White's compositions, acknowledged to be the most popular writer in the country. Copies promptly mailed on receipt of price. **White, Smith & Perry,** Publishers, 258 and 300 Washington street, Boston. nov2w1t

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS.

The tenth volume of Wood's Household Magazine begins with Jan. '72. Its regular contributors include Horace Greeley, Gail Hamilton, Thomas K. Beecher, Dr. Dio Lewis, Theodore Tilton, Dr. W. W. Hall, James Parton, etc. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Brick Pomeroy, John G. Saxe, Petroleum V. Nasby, etc., write for it exclusively.

A Letter from Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

While overhauling our papers, after the recent removal to our new quarters, we came across the following letter, which so appropriately expresses the general sentiments of those who read our Magazine, that we have concluded to publish it.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 11th, 1871.

S. S. WOOD:

Dear Sir,—In '69 while I was editing "The Mother at Home," I was much interested in a few copies of your "Household Magazine," which found their way into my house, whether to me or my husband, I do not know, nor does it matter. I was so much pleased that I wrote asking for an exchange, but receiving no answer, I let the matter drop. I write now, enclosing two dollars, with the request that if you can furnish me the whole set of 1870, you will do so, and also put me down as a subscriber for 1871. If you have not a set of 1870, please, for the extra dollar, put my daughter down for 1871, directing to Rev. Mrs. Samuel Scoville, Norwich, Chenango county, N. Y.

I think one copy comes to the office of the "Christian Union," edited by my husband, but I prefer to have one copy sent to the house for my own use.

Direct last year's nos. if you have them, and this year's edition, if you please, to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, 124 Columbia street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and oblige yours respectfully,

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

OUR CLUBBING TERMS.

We will cause Wood's Household Magazine (price $1), Demorest's Monthly ($1) and either the American Agriculturist ($1.50), or Merry's Museum ($1.50), or the Herald of Health ($2), to be sent one year on receipt of $3. That is, $2 pays for our Magazine and Demorest, and the Agriculturist. Should either Merry's Museum, or the Herald of Health be preferred to the Agriculturist, it may be substituted for it.

Or, Wood's Magazine and the Phrenological Journal (price $3), new subscribers only, and either the Agriculturist, Merry's Museum, or the Herald of Health for $4, which is but the price of the Journals.

	Price.
HEARTH & HOME	$3 00
CHRISTIAN UNION	3 00
DEMOREST'S DEMOCRAT

Our Young Folks.

THE PRAYER.

A pair of dimpled knees bent on the floor,
Two little dove-like eyes half-shut in sleep,
A little good-ringed head—this through the door
I hear—asking the Lord "a crystal soul" to keep.
The crimson cheek seem by dawn's fingers stained,
The dimpled hands, clasped by the angels, seen,
As sunset's amb r'er her head is rained.
Kindling her curls with many a tapering gleam.

Wreathed are her tiny feet with stories old,
Till rose-leaf atmospheres, methinks I see,
Enwrap them in their soft, ethereal fold,
With love's protection, to the dimpled knee;
For still the baby songs and tales will please,
As when at first, like bits from silken skein,
She tried to knot them, sitting on my knees,
In baby accents, into threads again.

The little velvet lips just parted are,
Through which the white-winged thoughts troop forth to rise,
As, through an opening bud, perfumes afar
Invisibly are wafted to the skies.
Now to her downy couch my darling crept,
Where her bright curls, like jonquils in the snow,
Gleam out, as if the sunbeams there had swept
A little rift for such sweet flowers to grow.

—*Charlotte Gardner, in Appleton's Journal.*

BOB'S BIRTHDAY AT FAIRHAVEN.

BY C. A. G.

It was the measles. There was no doubt about that, for the doctor said so as soon as he saw Lina's flushed face and felt Jamie's pulse. Mamma looked grave, but Jamie thought he rather liked it.

"We shall have jelly and things, you see, and everybody will bring us oranges and read us stories. Measles are jolly; Tom Thayer said so," remarked Master Jamie, complacently.

"Won't they make us blind? Nurse said she knew a little girl once and the measles spoiled her eyes so she never could see any more."

Lina's voice was very pathetic, and she finished the sentence in tears. But then her head did ache very badly; much worse than Jamie's.

"Fudge!" commented Bob. "Mother will take such good care of you that you can't get blind, if you want to. *I* know; *I've* had 'em!"

That was the very fact grandma and mamma were discussing in the next room—that Bob had had the measels and therefore would not take them now.

"Neither will Trot, I think, if you can keep him out of the way. You know he has barely seen the other children for a week," said grandma consolingly. "How fortunate you sent them to stay at Uncle Blair's while we were getting settled here!"

"Trot is it?" asked Aunt Laura, who had seen the doctor's carriage drive away, and came over to see what was the matter. "Send him to Fairhaven Beach with me; he will be safe there and out of their way."

So it was decided that, as nurse could not be spared from the sick ones, Bob should accompany Aunt Laura and Trot to the seaside.

"Be manly, and helpful to auntie, my darling," said mamma, clasping him very closely in her arms. "Remember I trust Trot to your care as well as to hers. I know you will never be careless or unkind."

A great bump rose in Bob's throat as he heard his mother's voice falter on the last words, and he wished with all his might that he never had been "unkind" to anybody, especially to the brother and sister lying sick and feverish up stairs. But he promised bravely, and flattered himself nobody saw how near he was to crying when it came time to say good-by. Fairhaven Beach was a particularly pleasant place. At the foot of tall, curiously shaped cliffs stretched a smooth expanse of sand, which, at low tide, was a perfect treasury of marine wonders; and here the children frolicked and explored to their heart's content. There were plenty of playmates for Bob and Trot already established at the beach, and the boys soon became expert in all the shore amusements. Bob was quite a model of virtue in his care of the little brother trusted to his charge. Whenever one went the other followed; they went "pooling" together and made common stock of their treasures of seaweed, shells, crabs, and starfish; they climbed the cliffs, where they would have certainly broken their necks had they been anything but boys, and enjoyed a kind of perpetual sea bath as only boys or fish could do; and when Trot's short legs lagged or grew weary, there was brotherly help always ready. The days flew away almost too swiftly for counting, until the tenth brought Bob's birthday and a box of presents from home, with the news that Lina and Jamie were better.

"Regular jolly! Let's celebrate, auntie," cried Bob.

"Not by standing on your heads, please," laughed Aunt Laura, stepping back as a pair of heels flourished in the air and Trot prepared to follow his brother's example. "What do you want to do, you rogues?"

"Spend the day on the sands, going to Pigeon Cove," explained Bob, resuming his natural position. "We've got our aquarium almost full, and now we want some hermit crabs—those little fellows that go 'round and live in other shells, you know. Haven't any of their own, so they pop into any empty one they find that suits, and live in it. There are plenty at the Cove, and splendid scarlet sea weed, just what you want to finish your bouquets, auntie," added Bob, artfully. "Can't we go, please?"

"Isn't it too far for Trot?" asked Aunt Laura. "And who else is going?"

"I don't think it's too far. Lide and Josie Bennett, the Turner boys, and me and Trot want to go. We didn't mean to take any *girls*, but Lide begged to go, and she and Josie are rather plucky, so we let 'em," said Bob magnificently. "They won't be in the way *much*."

"I should hope not, to boys who have sisters and know how little girls should be treated," remarked Aunt Laura, whereat Bob blushed violently.

But when, after a little more talk, the desired permission was gained and Bob appeared with Trot to join the children waiting on the piazza, a whole volley of exclamations greeted him.

"Going to take that baby? Don't you know better than that?" said Randolph Turner, making himself heard above the general din.

"Why?" demanded Bob.

"It's quite too far for him; he can't walk it."

"Pigeon Cove is clear at the other end of the cliffs; I should think any one would have sense enough to leave a little chap like him," said George Turner, and Josie Bennett added:

"He'll hinder us dreadfully!"

"No more than girls will," retorted Bob.

"Pigeon Cove is far for little feet," suggested a kind Quaker lady who sat reading in the window and heard the dispute. "Had thee not better leave thy little brother?"

"Oh, Bob likes to be nursemaid!" sneered George. "He'd better wear an apron and tie the baby to it."

"Say that again, and I'll give you a black eye," shouted Bob, fiercely. "Trot shall go, and you may stay at home if you don't like it."

Perhaps, if the children had not attacked Bob in this way he might have been inclined to listen to reason; but as it was, his temper flashed up quickly, kindled by their taunts and the cloud on Trot's little face. With his last words Bob ran down the steps, and after a moment the others followed, so the excursion began rather sullenly. But the day was too pleasant and the shore too entertaining for any one to retain cross feelings, and soon every one was as merry as need be.

Bob stifled a few qualms of conscience by thinking to himself that Trot was a tough little chap, and since he, Bob, had been so faithful for ten days it wasn't likely he would take the child into danger now. People should see that he knew what he was about; and Bob held his head erect, whistling proudly.

Was there ever a place like Pigeon Cove? The children thought not, as after a long, long walk they rounded a rocky point and saw its glories. The cliffs, composed of plastic clay and many hued sand, from chocolate color to pale gray, were washed out into fantastic lines and shapes; here a cave or basin-like hollow was scooped out; there curious columns rose up; and bedded in the clay, were little, bright balls, sparkling occasionally in the sun like diamonds. Randolph, the oldest of the party, said they were "iron pyrites," but Lide called that a stupid name for such pretty things, and nobody could stop them to listen to any explanation of it. For the sands, too, were covered with treasures—a multitude of shells quite unlike anything ever seen nearer the hotel.

Forgetting fatigue, the children scattered up and down, exclaiming, admiring, collecting, with zeal inspired by these novel wonders.

"Me tired, Bob," said little Trot at last. "Mine feet ache velly much."

"So am I tired," said Lide. "Why don't we stop and eat our dinner?"

"Sure enough; and there's a good place for a dining-room," said Josie, pointing up where a sort of cave was formed by a broad platform in the cliff, overhung by a projecting, clayey roof.

Forthwith the children scrambled up the cliff at some risk of falls and bruises, until all stood on the smooth, hard floor, and pranced about in delight at the height thus attained.

But the boys were too restless to stay long in one place, too hungry to accept Lide's proposition to spread the feast on napkins and dine picnic fashion in the cave. They disposed of their share of the lunch with hasty bites and a general disregard of good table-manners, and set off climbing up and down the banks and challenging each other to difficult feats, leaving Trot and the girls still enjoying their sandwiches.

"I three sleepies, Lide," announced Trot after the third great yawn had stretched his little mouth wide.

"Lean back then and take a nap while I sort my shells," said Lide, and Trot, cuddled up against the side of the cave with his head on a basket, watched her with eyes that drooped lower and lower until they shut fast. Josie followed the boys, and presently Lide, tired of the silence, bundled the shells into her handkerchief and climbed down the bank, too, wholly forgetting the small sleeper. No one of the thoughtless party noticed that the strip of beach was narrower than when they began their frolic, and that the incoming line of water was creeping higher and higher along the sand. Far out of sight of the cave they clambered and played, unmindful of the gathering clouds, until a sudden peal of thunder and dash of rain startled them.

"Oh, there's a storm coming up! What shall we do?" cried Lide, but her words were drowned in the sharper cry of her sister:

"The water is almost up to the foot of the cliffs! There isn't any more beach at all, and we shall be drowned! Oh, dear!"

Randolph, from the perch to which he had climbed, looked down, then answered quickly:

"No we shan't! Hush crying; that's only the *tide;* we must climb to the top of the bank and go home that way. I knew we must do that if we staid long, and it must be later than I thought."

"This is a good easy place to get up, too," added George, wishing to comfort the frightened girls. "Come on, and we will run home through the rain. There's no harm done yet."

"But it's ever so far, and I'm tired—" began Josie, fretfully, when Bob gave a great shout.

"*Where's Trot?*" *Oh, where's Trot?*"

The children looked at each other with bewildered faces, and then Lide gasped:

"I left him in the cave—asleep!"

Bob turned white and dizzy for a moment, then sprang forward as if to seek his brother, but Randolph caught his arm. It was indeed no use to try to go back; the sands below were hidden by foaming waves which already beat against the foot of the cliffs; and the cliffs, though irregularly washed out and broken, showed no ledge so continuous and broad that one could thus return where poor little Trot was lying. They could not see the cave even, for jutting rocks came between them and it, and alas! they had wandered far from it in their mirth. Bob hid his face with a despairing groan.

"Don't cry," said Randolph, though his own eyes were full of tears. "We will find him somehow. Come up to the top; it is all we can do. Then we will walk along the edge and keep looking over, and when we see him I know I can climb down."

"But the bank hangs over like a roof, and we can't see him!" cried Bob. "And the tide will rise so high it will cover the cave, I know! Or else he will wake up and fall into the sea. Trot will be drowned, and it is all my fault!"

"I don't think the tide ever rises so high, unless in a big storm, and this is only a shower," said Randolph, trying to console.

But there is little consolation in only "thinking," and it was a frightened, forlorn group that scrambled and tumbled to the top of the cliffs and walked tremblingly along the edge, peeping over from time to time. Bob tried to shout his brother's name, but tears choked his voice, and he cried softly to himself, thinking of Trot. Of Trot as he had seen him at home, digging with an old spoon, and making sand puddings for Falstaff; of Trot's round face and bright eyes smiling over that comical chicken; of Trot up North at grandma's, hugging the cat and teasing for "cookies;" of Trot's curls crushed under the little sailor hat he was so proud to wear at Fairhaven; of what it would be never to see those curls again; of mamma, and what she would say if her baby never came home any more!

"She trusted him to me!" sobbed Bob; "and I was careless!"

Lide slipped her hand into his and held it tightly. "God will take care of Trot," she said.

"I think God has forgotten me," said miserable Bob, whose short life had never held so much pain before. "It's my birthday—the awfullest one! I never want any more. I shall hate birthdays forever if—Trot—"

"God don't forget—and I've prayed to Him to help us," whispered Lide; and just then, oh, joy! through the gray rain loomed up several tall figures familiar to all their children.

Their long absence and the falling rain had made anxious hearts at the hotel, and several gentlemen had started out to find them.

Somebody—Bob couldn't tell who—told Mr. Bennett about Trot; there was questioning and discussion—Bob saw the anxious looks and remembered them; there was a plan to find the little lost lamb, and somebody told Bob what it was, but he couldn't understand. His head was quiter, and he only wanted to get away from the cruel sea he felt so sure had swallowed up Trot. Poor little Trot!

Somebody—Bob never knew who—picked him up and carried him off with long strides to the hotel; it was Aunt Laura who clasped him in her arms and whose tears wet his face. But Bob didn't care; he only said over and over to himself:

"Mamma trusted me and I *was* careless."

Was it an hour? Was it two? Was it twenty? Bob couldn't have told. But at last, at last—the seekers came hurrying back and there was news of Trot.

Drowned? Bless you, no! Safe and sound, dry as a bone, and never waking from his sleep until the boat coasting along the cliffs had signaled the men above that he was in sight, and Mr. Bennett had climbed down and picked him up from his strange bed. Then he rubbed his blessed eyes, asking in his own piping voice for "mine Bob!"

Wasn't he kissed, and hugged, and looked at, and hugged again, and didn't everybody laugh, and cry, and talk all at once? And then Trot, shaking himself free, wrinkled up his small nose and said:

"There's 'nuff kisses; now give me some dinner!"

Bob remained in bed all the next day. Aunt Laura thought he ought, after so much exposure and excitement. Trot stayed with him, wondering much in his own mind why Bob looked so pale and weak. Bob thought a great many things, which he confided only to his pillow, during that day. But though he left Fairhaven as merry and rosy as ever before that experience, I have heard him say he never forgot that "awfullest and thankfullest birthday" spent there.

Wit and Humor.

HIS WIFE'S MOTHER.

He stood on his head on the wild seashore,
And danced on his hands a jig;
In all his emotions, as never before,
A madly hilarious gig.

And why? In that vessel which left the bay,
His mother-in-law had sailed
To a tropical country some distance away
Where tigers and serpents prevailed.

He knew she had gone to recruit her health
And doctor her rasping cough,
But wagered himself a profusion of wealth
That something would carry her off.

Oh, now he might look for a quiet life,
And even be happy yet,
Though owning no end of neuralgical wife.
And up to his collar in debt.

For she of the specs and curled false front,
And black alpaca robe,
Must pick out a sailor to suffer the brunt
Of her next daily trial of Job.

He watched while the vessel cut the sea,
And bumpishly upped and downed,
And thought if already she qualmish could be
He'd consider the edifice crowned!

He'd borne the old lady through thick and thin
Till she'd lectured him out of breath;
And now as he gazed at the ship she was in,
He howled for her violent death—

Till over the azure horizon's edge
The bark had retired from view,
When he leaped to the crest of a chalky ledge,
And pranced like a kangaroo.

And many a jubilant peal he sent
O'er the waves which had made him free,
Then cut a last caper ecstatic, and went,
Turning somersaults, homeward to tea.

Notice to Surrender.

When General Fremont, then in command of the Mountain Department, was suddenly ordered to intercept Stonewall Jackson, after that pious old confederate had chased General Banks and his little command from the Shenandoah valley, General John Charles, as true a soldier and as capable an officer as the Government possessed, placed his surplus baggage, sick, and wounded at Petersburg, under the command of Captain ——, with one full company to care for the property and people left behind.

The Captain was not well pleased with the duty assigned him. He grumbled not a little at the ignoble service of sitting guard over knapsacks, blankets, sick, and wounded, while the army marched away to glory. And glory it would have been had Fremont been really in command of an army. Aside from General Cluseret's, Schenck's and Milroy's brigade he had worse than nothing for the force was made up of what was known as Blenker's division, Germans in name, but in reality the scum and dregs of all nationalities represented in New York, where the scoundrelism of the world makes yearly its foul deposit. Blenker's division was an armed body of thieves, with as much fight in them as discipline, and not enough of either to make the men other than a burthen to our command. For example, when Fremont first hit Stonewall's wearied forces in the valley, near Strasburg, a forced march of one hour would have hemmed them in between Fremont's army and that under General McDowell. Fremont saw this and issued his orders accordingly. The response was a halt in the road, a building of fires, and a slow, deliberate cooking of breakfast. No remonstrance, no scolding, no abuse could move these creatures, and the result was, as history tells us, the escape of the confederates.

Again at Cross Keys, where Stonewall was forced to make a stand, these cowardly thieves left Cluseret, Schenck and Milroy to do the fighting, while they wandered over the country robbing farm houses and murdering unarmed men.

But my little story has nothing to do with the march of that army, but seeks to tell what happened to our unhappy captain left in command at Petersburg. With him the time wore on drearily enough. His camp was filled with copperheads *au naturel*, for he had selected a stony eminence, and from hidden recesses came out the ugly reptiles at all hours; while around were the secesh copperheads, quite as malignant if not so poisonous. Of these the female part were by far the more noisy and disagreeable. Captain —— had a turn for female society, being young, handsome, and gallant, but he soon tired of attempted attentions that were received in scorn and garnished by such epithets as "Lincoln hirelings," "Yank," and "Lincoln pup."

One sunny afternoon Captain —— was sitting, rather reclining, before his tent, looking vacantly at the beautiful scenery stretched out before him. Below and more immediately near were the golden fields shimmering in the sunlight. Beyond were the boundless forests with their deep green foliage, and far out, framing all in, were the blue summits of the distant mountains that seemed to melt into the soft summer sky. It was hard to realize that in this beautiful peaceful scenery man's evil nature had hidden death in its direst forms, and over all lurked the fiend of war, destroying and desolating.

Captain —— hadn't much poetry in his nature, and probably at that moment was in fact thinking of where he could get some fresh bread and sweet butter instead of the side meat and hard tack that made his digestion suffer on the very thought. Whatever his thoughts may have been, they were interrupted by the guard, who, pausing on his weary round, shaded his eyes with one hand for a moment, and then cried:

"I say, Captain, what the devil is that coming down the hill yonder?"

The Captain sprung to his feet, and bringing his glass to bear, had the happiness to enjoy a fresh emotion.

"What the devil?" he muttered. "It looks like a flag of truce. By George, it is a flag! My horse! Hurry up, several of you; mount—quick, I say."

The order was obeyed as such orders generally are. The Captain found himself on an orderly's horse instead of his own, and two orderlies galloped after on steeds hurried from a supply wagon.

It was indeed a flag of truce, and as it approached Captain —— was kept from laughing only by the novelty of the fact. The leader of the cavalcade he met was mounted on a respectable hat-rack that added to his grotesqueness by the infernal pace so common to Virginia horses that make the animal look as if he had on each side a separate being, and harmonized the two through a general understanding to move one side at a time. The rider was dressed in common butternut home spun, turned to a uniform by having pieces of red flannel sewed to the shoulders; an old-fashioned sword, that had come down through no end of militia musters from the Revolution, was slung to his shoulder by a common saddle girth. His thin, sallow face was shaded by a broad brimmed slouch hat that was made conspicuous by a white and red cockade, fresh from the barnyard, sporting the tails of at least a dozen roosters. He carried on a ramrod a dirty white rag, while his two companions, or escort, as badly mounted, one on a mare that showed by her uneasiness that a colt had been left behind, were to be known as soldiers only by their heavy muskets.

Captain —— called a halt and demanded the reason for this extraordinary flag.

"I come, sah," was the response in the purest Potomac dialect, "from General Tomkins, to demand the surrender of Petersburg."

"The h—l you do!" was Captain ——'s brusque response.

"Yes, sah."

"Well, you just tell General Tomkins, for me, that if he wants this God-forsaken town, just come and take it."

"Very well, sah; then General Tomkins instruct me to say for you to remove the women and children, for he will open on the place immediately."

"Tell General Tomkins, for me, that as all the women and children are secesh he can open and be d——d to him, and them too. The more he kills the merrier it will be."

"Very well, sah, I shall so report."

And so saying he gravely saluted the Captain, and turning, rode away. As he did so the bereaved mare suddenly bolted, and taking the bit in her mouth went off at a speed highly complimentary to the brood mares of Virginia. The long legs and arms of the rider went flapping out of sight as the forest closed over them, and Captain —— and his orderlies made the place ring with their peals of laughter. The flag of truce, however, did not respond to this merriment, but solemnly followed the retreating mare.

Captain —— lost no time. The long roll was beaten; the company, hastily drawn up in line, was supported on either flank by all the sick and wounded able to stand. The gallant little force was informed that the enemy under command of General Tomkins was about to make a raid on Petersburg, that he would probably open with artillery, and as they had none with which to respond it would be necessary to assume, as early as possible, the offensive. This was responded to by such hearty cheers as the honest throats of the American soldier—God bless him—is always ready to give, and Captain ——, sitting in grim silence on his steed, waited further demonstrations. He waited in vain. The woods upon the mountains in which the flag of truce disappeared remained as silent as a cemetery. The sun went down, the stars came out, and yet the thunder of the threatened artillery failed to awaken the echoes of the mountains; and one by one the sick and wounded dropped off, and at last Captain ——, taking all necessary precautions for the night, sent his little force to their tents.

The place remained undisturbed during the night, and early in the morning a number of Connecticut cavalry, that were always bumming around stealing horses and making themselves generally disagreeable to both armies, galloped into camp with some prisoners, and among them the late bearer of a flag.

"How d'ye do?" asked Captain —— of the warrior under the red flannel straps.

"Purty well, sah; how d'ye find yerself?"

"Why didn't you open on us last night?"

"Well, sah, the fact is we had no artillery."

"The devil! why didn't you come in and take us anyhow?"

"Why you see, sah, when you beat the long roll and formed, we thought you wus too much for us."

"That's so?"

"Yes, sah, only three of us all told."

"Then I have the honor of addressing General Tompkins?"

"You have, sah."

It proved a neat little game of bluff in which Captain —— won by a call.

A Parson Hogged Against His Will.

A most ludicrous scene transpired in a place not a thousand miles from the city of Louisville, one night recently, which though a little annoying to the persons immediately concerned, was yet so innocent and funny that we cannot refrain from giving the general outlines, suppressing names of course:

Two sprightly and beautiful young ladies were visiting their cousin, another sprightly and beautiful young lady, who, like her guests, was of that happy age which turns everything into fun and merriment. If the truth were told, we fear we would have to record the fact that these three young misses were just a little fast. They were fond of playing practical jokes, and were constantly playing all sorts of pranks with each other. All three occupied a room on the ground floor, and cuddled up together in one bed.

Two of the young ladies attended a party on the night in question, and did not get home until 12:30 at night. As it was late they concluded not to disturb the household, so they quietly stepped into their room through the low, open window.

In about half an hour after they had left for the party, a young Methodist minister called at the house where they they were staying, and craved a night's Lodging, which, of course, was granted. As ministers always have the best of everything, the old lady put him to sleep in the best room, and the young lady (Fanny), who had not gone to the party, was intrusted to the duty of sitting up for the absent ones and informing them of the change of rooms. She took up her post in the parlor, and as the night was sultry, sleep overcame her and she departed to the land of dreams.

We will now return to the young ladies who had gone to their room through the window. By the dim light of the moonbeam, as they struggled through the curtains, the young ladies were enabled to descry the outlines of Fanny (as they supposed) ensconced in the middle of the bed. They saw more, to-wit, a pair of boots. They saw it all. Fanny had set the boots in the room to give them a good scare. They put their heads together and determined to turn the tables on her. Silently they disrobed, and stealthily as cats they took up their positions on each side of the bed. At a given signal they both jumped into bed, and on each side of the parson, laughing and screaming, "Oh, what a man! Oh, what a man!" they gave the poor bewildered minister such a promiscuous hugging and tussling as few persons are able to brag of in the course of a lifetime.

The noise of the proceeding awoke the old lady who was sleeping in the adjoining room. She comprehended the situation in a moment, and rushing to the room she opened the door and exclaimed: "Gracious, gals, it's a man—it's a man; sure enough." There was one prolonged, consolidated scream, a flash of muslin through the door, and all was over. The best of the joke is that the minister took the whole thing in earnest. He would listen to no apologies the old lady could make for the girls. He would hear no excuse, but solemnly folded his clerical robes about him and silently stole away.

Absent Mindedness.

Absent-mindedness, even when its manifestations are harmless, is not a trait to be commended in men of genius or others. It is worthy of note, however, that it is no sign of mental inferiority, but rather seems to be a failing peculiar to the higher order of mind. Literary biography abounds in anecdotes of the kind which we have quoted, not for the sake of proving "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way," but as an introduction to an exceedingly neat instance of absent-mindedness which lately came under our observation, and from which the newspaper reporter of the period has not yet taken the bloom. One hot August afternoon a gentleman whose name attached to a cheque would be more valuable to the reader than if written here, was standing in front of the Revere House waiting for a Washington street car. He was a slim, venerable gentleman, with long white hair, and a certain dignity about him which we suppose comes of always having a handsome balance in the bank, for we never knew a poor man to have this peculiar air. It was a sultry afternoon, and the millionaire, standing on the curb-stone in the shade, had removed his hat, and was cooling his forehead with his handkerchief like any common person, when the Cambridge horse car stopped at the crossing at his feet. From th s car hastily descended a well-known Man of Letters whose pre-occupied expression showed at once that he was wrestling with an insubordinate hexametre or laying out the points of a new magazine article. Suddenly he found himself face to face with a white-haired old man dejectedly holding a hat in one hand. As quick as thought, the poet—to whom neither old age nor young appeals in vain—thrust his hand into his vest pocket, and dropping a handful of nickel and fractional currency into the extended hat, passed on. The millionaire gazed aghast into the hat for an instant, and then inverted it spasmodically, allowing the money to drop into the gutter, much to the amusement of a gentleman and a tooth pick on the steps of the Revere House, and very much more to the amusement of another party, who chanced to know that the supposed mendicant and Man of Letters had been on terms of personal intimacy these twenty years. —*Every Saturday.*

Getting Back Gracefully.

Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, in a speech during the late campaign, spoke as follows in regard to his recent change of politics:

"A good deal has been said about my returning to the Republican party. I do not feel that I was ever out of that party, I may have got one leg over the traces, but I was in the harness all the while. [Great laughter.] If there was any crime in kicking that leg out of the traces, my defense will have to be that of the boy who went fishing on Sunday. A preacher saw him sitting on the river's bank. 'My son,' said he, 'don't you know you are committing a great sin in fishing on the Sabbath day?' 'Wal,' said the boy, 'it can't be no great sin, for I hain't ketched nuthin.' [Uproarious laughter.] I ran upon the platform of Ignatius Donnelly. I still regard it as a good, sound, substantial platform, but there isn't enough of it to make a party out of. [Tumultuous applause.] In fact my friends, I found that the temperature was increasing at the rate of one degree for every fifty-four feet I descended. It got so hot I concluded I was going to the devil. [Laughter.] Now I don't think a man ought to go to the devil simply to prove that he isn't afraid to go to the devil. So I took the back track. I came up like a half-drowned gopher." [Tremendous outburst of laughter.

JOSH BILLINGS' ADVICE TEW YUNG DOKTORS.—Hire an office on the main street of the village, and stay in the office.

When yu do go out, alwus go on the jump.

Don't never talk much on enny subjek, but alwus look misterious.

Seldum go tew church, but when yu do, alwus leave before the church duz.

Charge everyboddy like thunder and litening.

If yu pholler theze rules clussly, and don't auskceed, yu kan kum tew the konklushun that the doktrine bizziness ain't so good as it wuz last year.

The Mobile and Montgomery Railroad engineers are investigating the bottom of the marsh and river preparatory to building their bridge. For this purpose scows are moored in the river to accommodate the working parties. A steamboat passing the scows the other day, a passenger hailed one of the negroes at work with:

"What are you doing?"

"Boring a hole," was the reply.

"What for?"

"Don't know; they jess set me to bore, an' I'se a boring."

Dealing Tenderly.

The great professors who can face the battery of a thousand eyes directed to them on the rostrum, are frequently the most diffident men when taken away from their regular sphere of labor. There was Professor Aytoun, who was too timid to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily Wilson suggested to him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval—"You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, and I will wait till you return." The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her hand in marriage. She added, "shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher, "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back."—"Papa's answer is on my back," said the young lady, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read, "With the author's compliments."

The Influence of Bayonets in Chicago.

The correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press* writes as follows from Chicago:

The Michigan Avenue Hotel has been, until to-day in the hands of a grasping wretch, who saw his El Dorado in the misfortunes of his adopted city. Being the most commodious house in town, and just at the edge of the burnt district, it was naturally the resort of nearly all the houseless citizens who had money, and many strangers from abroad. A story is current everywhere, but may be exaggerated, that the landlord exacted fifteen dollars for food and shelter. Complaint was made to General Sheridan, who sent an officer to remonstrate with the avaricious landlord. The latter threw himself upon his dignity, and, asserting that he was entitled to sell his accommodations for what he could get, with sufficient impudence asked the reason of his being summoned to answer for it. The reply was that the city was under martial law, and the military authorities were answerable for the good behavior of the citizens. Remonstrances had no effect upon the upstart, and contemptuously spurning the authority, he went on with his exactions.

A file of soldiers was then detailed to guard the entrance. They had orders to let any person pass out, but under no consideration to permit one to pass in. A great number of guests strolled out, one after another, and as the hour for preparing dinner approached servants were dispatched to get water from the lake for use about the kitchen. They were forbidden entrance, and, although there was a fire, the pots would not boil for lack of that other essential element, water. Fuming with rage, Extortion, in the person of the landlord, went down to remonstrate. He was told that martial law reigned and that he could not enter his own building. White with impotent rage, and gnashing his teeth at being foiled, he went to headquarters, humiliated himself, and on promises of proper behavior the restriction was taken off. He then, sorely against his mind, moderated his charges, but took revenge in the quality of his service.

The Michigan Avenue Hotel to-day passed under the charge of the old proprietors of the Tremont House, who will accommodate guests in a gentlemanly way, and at prices that no one can complain of, as has always been their custom, and brought so much repute upon the hotel formerly in their charge.

What is Spared Us.

Our columns have been so extensively occupied during the past week with reports of the enormous losses of life and property in the late fire, that there is some danger that the damage sustained will be over-estimated. True, we have seen 2,500 acres in the most central portion of the city swept bare, 20,000 buildings destroyed, and 100,000 persons rendered homeless, the total pecuniary loss being not less than $300,000,000; but we have still a great deal left. We may roughly estimate the situation as follows:

Above 50,000 persons have left the city; population remaining, 280,000.

Five grain elevators were burned, with 1,600,000 bushels of grain; leaving us with eleven grain warehouses intact, containing 5,000,000 bushels.

One half of our stock of pork products were burned up, with the same proportion of flour.

Of lumber 50,000,000 feet were burned; the stock remaining is 240,000,000 feet.

Of coal 80,000 tons were burned up; we have 79,000, tons on hand.

Our stock of leather was decreased one-quarter, the value of that burned up being $95,000.

The greater portion of the stocks of groceries, dry goods, and boots and shoes were burned up, with more than one half the ready-made clothing; but the quantities destroyed were scarcely equal to more than a three weeks' supply and are now being rapidly replaced.

Not more than 10 per cent of the currency was destroyed by the fire; we have 30,000 houses left standing, and our real estate could not burn up.

A careful average of these large items, with smaller ones that need not be enumerated, shows that the city of Chicago has suffered a loss of not less than 20, nor more than 25 per cent. on her total assets—real and personal. The loss is a great one; but, so far from irretrievable, that we may confidently hope to see a return to former prosperity ere long. The ratio of increase during the past thirty-four years has averaged 10½ per cent. per annum. This rate would restore the status of a month ago, within three years. Making every due allowance for the terrible setback experienced, there can be no doubt that five years hence, at most, the exhibit of population, wealth, commerce, and manufactures will be greater than a month ago. Already, the city is raising from its ashes at a rapid rate, thanks to the large-hearted liberality of our countrymen everywhere, and the resistless energy of our own citizens. Let the faint-hearted ones take courage; the real workers have not wasted a moment in regret; after they have repaired their losses there will be no occasion for it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

After the Fire—Characteristic Incidents.

The Chicago papers give the following as incidents:

At the East St. Louis depot on last Monday evening, considerable confusion occurred among the passengers who were boarding the passenger train for Chicago, by an individual, carpet-bag in hand, and very much excited, shoving and pushing the crowd in his desperate efforts to reach the cars. He crowded aside and elbowed men, women and children, making a nuisance of himself generally. Finally, a gentleman whose ribs had been crushed by the excited man's elbows, and his temper ruffled by the uncermonious manner in which he had been hustled, inquired in sharp tones:

"What the d—l is the matter with you, old fellow?"

Individual in a hurry. "Must get that train."

Other Man. "Well, there is plenty of time—the train does not start for ten minutes; and, besides, there are several other people here who want that train."

Excited individual. "I *must* get that train, and that's fixed. I'll get that train if it costs me my life."

Other Man. "What in h—ll is the necessity of your reaching Chicago by this train, anyhow?"

Man in a Hurry. "I must get to Chicago to-morrow on this train, or those people up there will have built up the whole d—d town again, and I won't see them ruins——!"

ANOTHER.

On the Monday morning of the fire, at about 6 o'clock, at which hour the *Tribune* building was considered safe, and the people began flocking into Dearborn street, a man was observed carefully examining the bricks of the ruins of Reynold's Block, picking them up carefully and reeling them.

An observer asked him to explain his conduct, when he replied:

"I was just seeing if they were cool enough to build with again!"

Crops in Great Britain Seriously Injured.

London Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

There is no doubt whatever that every crop in the country, unless it be barley, is seriously injured. The yield of wheat is from six to twelve bushels less per acre than the average yield. The ears of wheat are smaller and the damage by rust greater than has been known for many years. The cold of June, the coldest that has been known here for fifty years, was followed by a gusty and wet July, and nature has not even yet recovered from the catarrh that has afflicted her. The produce of grain last year was between fourteen and fifteen millions of quarters, and only a little over eight millions had to be imported. The yield this year cannot be much over nine million quarters, and there will be about thirteen million quarters needed from foreign countries to supply the people with bread. The potato crop is being damaged every hour by the persistent rains, and there is real danger of a potato famine. The hop crop is as bad as the grain, or worse, a cultivator in Kent (the chief hop county) having informed me recently that the average there could not be above three and a half cwt per acre.

At a picnic last summer lunch was ready, and as all were gathering around the little piece of smooth ground that did duty as a table, and looking with eager anticipation at the dainties spread before us, Mc[illegible]—apologetically exclaimed, "There! I meant to have brought some calf's-foot jelly, but I couldn't catch the calf."

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Farm and House.

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,
For the toiling day is done,
And the gray and solemn twilight
Follows down the golden sun.
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusky casement,
Creep around the fire lit room.
Draw the curtain, close the shutters,
Place the slippers by the fire;
Though the wind loudly mutters,
What care we for wild sprite's ire?

What care we for outward seeming,
Fickle Fortune's frown or smile,
If around us love is beaming.
Love can humsn ills beguile!
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,
From the peasant to the king,
All are quaffing from life's chalice
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing, music flowing
From the lips we love best;
Oh the joy, the bliss of knowing
There are hearts whereon to rest!

Hearts that throb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own—
While grim care and haunting sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
Care may tread the halls of daylight,
Sadness haunt the midnight hour,
But the weird and witching twi light
Brings the glowing hearthstone's dower.
Altar of our holiest feelings!
Childhood's well-remembered shrine!
Spirit-yearnings—soul revealings—
Wreaths immortal round thee twine.

Questions and Answers.

BIG FARMERS

A Subscriber, Aberdeen, Mississippi, writes: "A difference of opinion exists between myself and another person about who is the largest farmer in the State of Illinois, A Mr. Sullivant or Alexander. We have agreed to refer the matter to you to decide. Therefore, if convenient, give the information desired through the columns of your much esteemed paper. Please give also what each one's speciality is, whether raising grain or stock —Mr. M. L. Sullivant first owned Broadlands, in Champaign county, Ill. now known as the Alexander Farm. This contained 27,000 acres. Unnder Mr. Sullivant's administration the farm was given to general agriculture. Mr. Alexander made it more of a stock farm.

After he disposed of Broadlands to Mr. Alexander, Mr. Sullivant purchased his present farm of Burr Oaks, in Livingston county, Illinois. This contains 40,000 acres, and is devoted to general farming. Mr. Sullivant is and has been the big farmer of Illinois. He formerly resided at Columbus, Ohio, owning much land in the rich Scioto Valley. He has for many years been identified with the cause of agriculture and was for a time President of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture.

CIDER VINEGAR.

A Subscriber, St. Paul, Ind., desires to be informed of the best and quickest proces of making good vinegar of pure apple cider. "As we have over 4,000 gallons and are afraid it will not sour on our hands."

We think "correspondent" need not be alarmed about the cider not "souring" on his hands. If he wishes to change it into vinegar, add to each barrel a little vinegar and put in a little dough. This is the old fashioned way. There may be many other plans, and better ones.

BROKEN CHINA.

Mrs. S. Vincennes, asks why we do not give among our receipts, one for making cement for mending china or glass. Here is one simple and cheap. How effective it is our correspondent can report: Rub the edge of the fractured parts with carriage varnish (ordinary varnish will not do,) then join them neatly together, and let stand two or three days. When thoroughly dried the fracture will hardly be perceived, and will not be effected by ordinary heat.

RENDERING LARD.

Housekeeper, Vienna, complains that her lard is never white like that of her neighbors, and still she firmly believes that she takes as much pains with it as does her neighbor. Perhaps Housekeeper does not watch the fire as closely as she does the lard. In rendering lard, the best way is to take the "leaf" and all the fat portions, cut them with a sharp knife into small square bits, then fill a big kettle with pork thus cut up, put in a pint or so of water, and as the fat rises to the top dip it off into stone jars. If care is taken to keep everything clean and not scorch the cracklings, the lard will be as white as wax and nearly as hard.

J. J, of Clinton county, asks that somebody tell her how to make a simple cement for tops of bottles and jars: Take equal parts of brick dust and rosin, pounded fine, and a lump of beeswax. Stew them together, and keep in an old tin, melting it when you want to seal your jars.

Ironing Clothes.

The sticking of starched clothes to the smoothing iron is one of the most vexatious things with which the laundress has to contend. This is partly owing to the adulterations in the starch, for which there is no remedy but to obtain a good article. Starch gloss is used more to prevent this sticking than for the glossy surface which it pretends to give. The latter is rarely, if ever, obtained in perfection without polishing irons and machinery. So, dear ladies, do not waste your time and strength in pursuit of it. I learned this from a woman once employed in the laundry of a shirt and collar factory. She said also that the only gloss they used was

HARD SOAP.

They shaved it off and boiled it up in the starch, and she used it in her washing a piece as big as a nickel cent to a pint of starch. She starched her wet clothes in this, dried them, and then if wanted very stiff, dampened them by dipping them into cold starch in which a little soap had been dissolved; spread them between dry towels, rolled tight, for half an hour, and ironed smooth.

I have long used this in various ways, and find it always good. I prefer white soap. If the clothes are already stiff I dampen by merely dipping them in soapy water.

CARE OF THE IRONS

has much to do with success. They should not be permitted to stand on the stove to receive slops from the cooking. When not in use they should be kept in a dry place. If the face is once rust-eaten it is irretrievably injured. If rusted, however, rub them on emery or brown paper, but not on salt, as this tends to more rust. Beeswax may be freely used at any time, rubbing on the hot face of the iron, and then rubbing the iron thoroughly on cloth and paper. Some laundresses always do this before putting an iron to a starched suface.

LIQUID SOAP.

Those who use hard soap will find it convenient, instead of trying to use up the last bits of soap, to keep a bowl, jar, or little keg, into which they may be thrown and covered with water. Crumbs made in cutting, and reduced pieces from the toilet soap dishes may be also saved in this way. This liquid soap is good for washing or for any household purposes often, as in washing bottles, more convenient than in any other form.—*Cor, Home and Health.*

Keeping Winter Apples.

It has been found a good practice among fruit growers, to pack their fruit in close barrels or boxes, and seclude them as much as possible from the air.—We remember the case of a man who packed all his fruit this way in the orchard upon the open ground, then covered them with a load of hay, left them nearly all winter, and when opened some six months later, they were found to be in perfect condition. Some varieties shrivel badly, and are not considered good keepers—such as the Spitzenberg, Tallman Sweet, etc. If they are packed in this way, and kept in a dry yet cool place, they will be found to do well.—Another farmer says:

"I have found universally that they keep better to let them lie without picking over. It is much better to pile them into a large bin across the cellar, say six or seven feet high and four or five feet wide, and cover them up tight, then lay them on shelves. I once saw such a bin that a man had kept through the winter. About the first of April he thought he would open the windows on the side of the cellar next to the bin, to let in the air, that they might keep better. I was at his place, and he called my attention to the fact. Two windows over the bin were opened about ten days or two weeks; and the apples exactly opposite the windows—about one-third—rotted for as much as a foot in depth, and the remaining part on either side were not rotted at all."—*Exchange.*

Devices of Autumn Leaves.

An exquisite transparency may be made by arranging pressed ferns, grasses and autumn leaves on a pane of window glass, laying another pane the same size over it and binding the edge with ribbon, leaving the group impressed between. Use gum tragacanth in putting on the binding. It is well to secure a narrow strip of paper under the ribbon. The binding should be gummed all around the edge of the first pane, and dried before the leaves, ferns, etc., are arranged; then it can be neatly folded over the second pane without difficulty.

To form the loop for hanging the transparency, paste a binding of balloon along the edge, leaving a two inch loop free in the center, afterwards to be pulled through a little slit in the final binding. These transparencies may either be hung before a window, or if preferred, secured against a pane in the sash.

In halls a beautiful effect is produced in placing them against the side lights of the hall door. Where the side lights are each of only a single pane, it is well worth while to place a single transparency against each, filling up the entire space, thus affording ample scope for a tree arrangement of ferns, grasses and leaves, while the effect of the light passing through the rich autumnal colors is very fine. Leaves so arranged will preserve their beauty the entire winter.

An exceeding pretty standing for a lamp can be obtained of eight oblong transparencies (made of glass and autumn leaves as described) tacked together with strong sewing silk so as to form an eight-sided, hollow column. To hide the lamp candlestick, the screen should be lined throughout with oiled tissue paper, either white or a delicate rose color.

A better plan still is to get the effect of ground glass by rubbing each strip of glass on a flat paving stone, plentifully covered with white sand. This grinding process, of course, must be performed before leaves are inserted and then only upon the inner side of the glass.

The completed screen may have a simple border of heavy chenille at the base, or be placed upon an unvarnished black walnut stand decorated with acorns, pines, cones, etc. The screen is of course left open at the top. It must be set over a lighted candle or small lamp to give its best effect, though it is also a very ornamental object in the daylight.—*Rocky River Farmer.*

Husk Beds.

Considering the real worth of good husk mattresses, the ease with which they are made and the little expense attending their manufacture we have often wondered that they were not found in every home and in every sleeping apartment. In the country their cost is comparatively nothing, while for real comfort they are second to none but the costly hair mattresses which few care to procure. Having used husk beds for several years, we can heartily endorse the following from the Belfast *Journal*, merely premising that we prefer the husks should first be steamed and stripped to give the greatest possible lightness and elasticity.

There is nothing equal to corn husks for under-beds; yet few families have them, even in the country where the trouble and cost of them are so small. They are always light and easy, and last a long time. Though costing at first about two or three times as much as straw, they are vastly cheaper in the end, besides being a great deal better. Now is the time, and this is the way, to get them.

As soon as the husks are taken from the corn, before any mould or other harm comes to them, take the fairest and best leaves, free from all stalks, silks, etc., and spread them out to dry in some large airy room, stirring them well every fair day for a month, or till they are perfectly dry. As they shrink fifty per cent., in drying it will take twice the bulk of straw to make a good bed.

As there is some wear out to them, as to everything, once in a half a dozen years a little new will want to be added. In this way for a dollar—for nothing if you have them—you may get what is worth many dollars, and a great luxury that straw folks never know. Don't split the leaves; they do not become flat and and solid as many suppose, but curl up and make the mass light.—*The Household.*

Cranberries in Northern Wisconsin.

The Fond du Lac *Commonwealth* has an interesting article on the cranberries near Berlin, Wis. The extent of this interest developed within two or three years is surprising. Marsh lands, which a few years ago sold at $1,00 or less an acre, are now worth hundreds of dollars an acre. Some forties are held at $25,000. The Messrs. Carey and Mr. Sacket, are the largest growers. Last year the products of Mr. Sacket's marsh sold for $36,000. This year his sales are expected to reach $70,000 and those of Messrs. Carey as much.

The *Commonwealth* gives this description of picking cranberries on Mr. Sacket's place:

He has about 600 acres. On Wednesday last he had 1,000 pickers, (men, women and children, of all sizes and ages), kneeling in a single line, as close together as a file of soldiers, all busily picking the rich, red berry from the tangled vines before them. Slowly, very slowly, the long line advances on their knees, each picker pushing his pan or basket forward, puling his partly filled sack or bag behind him. An overseer to each one hundred hands, watches that the ground is thoroughly cleared of berries, not unfrequently calling some careless picker from the line to pick over his neglected vines.

A portable wooden railroad track is run from the warehouse to any part of the marsh, and a bin-shaped car, propelled by two men, is kept near the line of pickers, to which each person carries his or her berries, where they are measured and emptied into the car. The picker receives a ticket on which is marked the amount his berries measured, and each Saturday exchanges his ticket for currency at the rate of 75 cents for each bushel of berries gathered. Girls, ranging from 13 to 20 years of age pick the most, and average about one and a half bushels per day. It is said some will gather four bushels, but very many fall below one.

Care of Pastures.

The greatest damage is often done to the pastures when the farmer is least suspecting it: especially young clover, by its being denuded from the close clippings of stock during the late fall months. It is but exceptional that pastures come out in the spring in good condition when thus shorn of the aftermath. If this winter protection is left on the ground the spring finds the soil mellow, moist and the young blades ready to come forth on the first intimation of warm weather.—Meadows, too, are often injured in this thoughtless manner, and the future crop reduced one half thereby. To say the least, this is not judicious farming.

After the supplies of feed have been exhausted from a long winter, the spring often becomes the most critical time with the farmer, to fill up the interval between dry feed and grass. But if he has taken the precaution to preserve this winter protection, he will not only be able to give his stock an earlier start in the spring, but will obviate the risk of losing the growth already secured during winter.

These seem small matters; but they are of the first importance on a well regulated farm.—*New England Homestead.*

Miscellany.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

A Husband Poisoning Sensation in Northern Ohio.

A Woman Hires a Doctor for Two Hundred Dollars to Kill Her Sick Husband with Strycnnine.

The announcement made last week, says the Upper Sandusky (Ohio) *Union* of October 19th, that our old and venerable citizen, Barnabas Wagoner, had been poisoned, created the profoundest sensation. The exhumed body, the post mortem examination, and the Coroner's inquest, all excited the minds of the people, and drew to the Court-house a crowd, all anxious to hear the evidence developed in the case. The hearing before Justice Gibson for two days was largely attended by anxious spectators, and every word that fell from the lips of the Penitentiary witness (Dr. Froeming) was noused up in the minds of those present.

Dr. Froeming, who has turned State's evidence, is fifty six years old, was born in Leipsic, Germany, and graduated in 1839 from the Homœopathic Institute of Leipsic. He practiced three years in Leipsic, emigrated to New York in 1842, and after vainly endeavoring to get practice there, moved to Boston, where he remained until 1860. He states that in 1854 his wife and three children were destroyed by an accidental fire in Boston. He then removed to St. Louis, and served a session in the military hospitals during the war. When mustered out, he went to Jerseyville, Illinois, and thence, in 1869, to Springfield, Ohio, where he practiced for a year. Kenton, Ohio, was the next place of his residence, and a few months ago he hung out his sign in Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

The prisoners on trial are Mrs. Wagoner, widow of the deceased, and her brother, Robert Gaster.

Mrs. and Mr. Wagoner lived in a comfortable house in Jackson township, Wyandot county, Ohio. They were married fourteen years ago. A few months since, after an illness of three weeks with diarrhea, he died suddenly. He was over eighty years of age, and owned property worth four or five thousand dollars.

Below we give some extracts from the testimony at the preliminary examination, throwing light on the case.

THOMAS COCHRAN, SWORN.

[Witness stated that he had known deceased for twenty years, and worked at his house last winter.]

Q. Did you witness any disagreements between Mrs. and Mr. Wagoner?

A. Yes, sir; two or three times.

Q. State those disagreements.

A. Well the old man lived up stairs; he took too much sugar one day; well, she hit him a slap; she said, "I'll twirl your nose, pitch you down stairs and break your d—d neck."

Q. Well, what else?

A. Another time something didn't suit her; she pushed him away from the table; she said, "Get away from the table, you d—d old rascal! I'll break your back! You're no account anyhow!"

Q. Well, what else?

A. Well, then, for a small thing, don't remember what rightly, she slapped his jaws, when he answered her; "You are d—d saucy! I'll punish you for it; never loved you nohow; only married you for your money; wish to God you were dead."

DR. HENDERSON, SWORN.

Q. Did you ever attend as a physician, Mrs. or Mr. Wagoner?

A. Waited on Mr. Wagoner since their marriage.

Q. Have you ever called on Mrs. Wagoner professionally, since his death?

A. No, sir.

Q. Have you had any conversation with her since his death?

A. Yes; in regard to her property. We talked freely in a jesting way. She remarked that she was young, and the world was wide. She spoke of fixing up her house, and renting it, and while away the time, pleasant and sociable, for a year or two.

TESTIMONY OF DR. FROEMING, THE POISONER, AFTER TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE.

Dr. Froeming testified as follows: Mrs. Wagoner's brother, Robert Gaster, on the 19th of Sept. last, asked me if I could give Mr. Wagoner some medicine in three or four days. [Witness meant Robert Gaster wanted him to poison Mr. Wagoner.] I told him never; I would do no such thing—never; I never wanted to. I told him next day again on the road to Forest. He said: "I will give you two hundred dollars in cash down when you give him this medicine, or buy some for him." He told me, then, to keep still, and he would give me some money to buy this kind of medicine. Then his mother died. He asked me again to give him some, on the road. I told him I will do it. He gave me the money. I had no money; so he gave me money right off. I told him I did not like to buy poison in this town. He said: "Go to Carey, or some other place to buy this kind of medicine, and no one will find it out." After his mother was dead, he gave me money for attending her while sick, in Forest. He gave me $45, and $1 50 to pay for a buggy, and $1 25 to buy poison. I told him I would fetch the poison the next time that I came; the next time or the same evening, if I recollect. He told me to buy this medicine, and he would telegraph when I should come myself and give this medicine. I told him I would come. He went away from me; I told him I would attend to it. In the evening of the 21st of September, I bought it when coming from the post-office, at Ayers' drug store. This was in the evening, half an hour before train time. On Saturday I received this despatch: "Mother is worse than formerly. Come on the evening train."

Q From whom did you receive this despatch?

A. From a gentleman in the telegraph office. I went on the evening train to Forest at 8:45. Before I got in the house I was told by the folks that the old lady was dying; I told the folks I could do nothing more. She died. Then I told the ladies somebody must stay to dress the old lady.

Q. Did you see Mr. Wagoner that night?

A. No, sir. I heard he was sick up stairs. Mrs. Waggoner said: "Please call up stairs, and see what you can do for my husband." Mrs. Waggoner asked me about the medicine to doctor him. I went up stairs to see him. He wanted water. There was no water up stairs. I asked him what else he wanted. He was pretty sick. He had the diarrhea. I took the cup and went down stairs, and told Mrs. Waggoner to give me a little water, as her husband wanted some water to drink. Mrs. Waggoner brought me the water and placed it on the table where my medicine case stood. She said to me: "Don't put too much in;" she saw the "little bottle" standing there on the table. There was nobody in the room but Mrs. Wagoner and myself. On the porch was Mrs. Liles. I made "this medicine," up into six powders. The water was in the tin cup, which was a quarter full of water. The powder I put into the water was near one grain. It was strychnine. I said to Mrs. Wagoner: "Please take the water up stairs to your husband." She said: "I am sick; you take it yourself."

Q Did she see you put the medicine into the water?

A. Yes; she was there.

Q Did she know what it was?

A. Don't know, exactly. She knew it was poison. I started up stairs to give it to the old man.

Q. Did you drink of the water in the cup?

A. Yes, sir. I stepped down again, and went into another part of the house.

Q. Where was Robert?

A. When I came down, he was in the house. He asked me if I had given "the medicine."

Q. Where was Mrs. Wagoner, then?

A. Mrs. Wagoner was on the porch by the door. Robert asked me if I had given "the medicine;" I said "one part." He said I should not give him too much at one time, in order that he might live two or three days. I told Robert that I did not give him too much. Robert said he must get out his horse and buggy, and go for a hired girl, as there was no person to help them. I went into the room again. Mrs. Wagoner asked me—"how is the old man up stairs." I told her I would go up and see him. He was dying in about an hour, after giving him the water.

Q. What time in the day was it when you gave him the water?

A. It was in the morning, about 7 o'clock. Then I went up to see him, and he was holding on to the bed; I asked him if he wanted anything to eat, and he said "yes;" then I asked him what he wanted; he said "milk and bread." Then I went down stairs and told Mrs. Wagoner that the old gentleman wanted a little milk and soup. The ladies in the house made a little milk and soup, and set it on the table. There was a half tin cup full. Mrs. Wagoner stood by, near the table and said: "Put a little of something else in." I said: "I think this is enough." There was about one powder in.

Q. Who else was there then;

A. No one else but Mrs. Wagoner. I said to Mrs. Wagoner, "Please take it up stairs."

Q. What did she say?

A. She said, "I feel sick; please take it to my husband." I took it up stairs and gave it to him myself.

Q. Did you say nothing else when you told her you put in the powder, and told her that was enough?

A. Nothing at all. I gave it to him and he ate it freely. I found Mr. Wagoner pretty sick. I saw it was from the medicine I gave him. I told Mrs. Liles to go down stairs, and fetch me a little bottle standing wrapped up in paper by the medicine. It was chloroform. I put a little of it on a handkerchief, and let Mr. Wagoner smell it a little; then he got easier.

Q. What were the symptoms when you went up stairs?

A. Strychnine.

Q. How did he act?

A. He had the colic. Mrs. Wagoner said, "Please, Doctor, do the best for my husband, that he may live a little longer." I told the folks, then, to let him smell a little of the chloroform, and I went down stairs into another part of the house. I told Mr. Robert Gaster that I would like to go home. I had some patients there to attend. I told him I would leave some powders, and made up four powders.

Q. What were they?

A. Strychnine. I gave them to Robert. There were four of them. Robert said, "I will take you in the buggy; I gave them to Mrs. Liles." I told him to give him some more. There was some other folks in the house. I put the "medicine" right into Mr. Gaster's hand, and went to town in the buggy. The balance of the poison I put into my pocket.

Q. What have you since done with it?

A. It was in my office.

Q. Where is it now?

A. Gave it to the Coroner.

Q. Did you see Robert afterward?

A. He said if the old man died, he would go with his sister, next spring, to Germany. I asked him: "What do you want to do with your sister in Germany?" I asked him if he and his sister wanted to get married in Germany. He said: "No. I did this because I was a poor man. (Meaning the poisoning of Wagoner.) I wanted to get money. I could not stand it any longer. I must go away from here. I feel bad in my heart." He came on Saturday evening, and I asked him for this money. He asked me if I would take less than two hundred dollars. I told him I would not do it again for five hundred dollars. I did it for him for two hundred dollars, but I will never do it again.

Q. What did he say, then?

A. Well, he said wait till day after to-morrow, when he would come in again. I told him I could not wait any longer. He left me, saying "I have got to go some; I will come in again." He was in town the day following the day that he agreed to come, on Saturday evening. I found him at his brother's house. He walked up town with me, and I asked him for it again. He said: "I cannot get it." He was to see his sister again, and ask for the money. He said: "On next Saturday I will give you $50." I told him that I could not wait so long. The reason was that I wanted to go away. He said: "I cannot do it. I can do no better."

* * * * * * *

After the argument, the Court decided to hold the parties for trial at the next term of the Court of Common Pleas, admitting them to bail in the sum of $3,000 each.

The following is the salutatory of an Oregon editress: "We have served a regular apprenticeship at working—washing, scrubbing, patching, darning, ironing, plain sewing, raising babies, milking, churning and poultry raising. We have kept boarders, taught school, taught music, written for the newspapers, made speeches, and carried on an extensive millinery and dressmaking business. We can prove by the public that this work has been well done. Now, having reached the age of thirty-six, and having brought up a family of boys to set type, and a daughter to run the millinary store, we propose to edit and publish a newspaper, and we intend to establish it as one of the permanent institutions of the country."

WIFE TORTURING.—The Lancashire papers report an almost incredible case of wife torturing from the neighborhood of Bolton. A collier, named Bradley, having some grudge against his wife, locked the doors of the house so that she could not escape, and then incited a large bull-dog to worry the unfortunate woman. The details of her frantic struggle with the brute, which were given in evidence before the magistrate, are unspeakably horrible. She was savagely bitten in many places by the dog, her husband doing his best to shut out all chances of escape. At last, torn and bleeding, she escaped from the house, and Bradley was given into custody. A surgeon stated that at one time he feared that the woman would die, and several weeks must elapse before she could be pronounced completely out of danger. Nevertheless, Bradley escaped with a sentence of imprisonment for six months.—*London Times.*

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Thousands suffer from it.—A weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy, animation or vigor, low spirits, confused head, weak memory, nocturnal or involuntary seminal emissions, with loss of power and threatened impotence. The consequence of excesses, overwork or indescretions. This is NERVOUS DEBILITY, and it finds a sovereign remedy in HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. TWENTY-EIGHT. Thousands have been cured by these simple sugar pills. They tone up the system, arrest the discharges, dispel the gloom and mental depression, and rejuvenate the system. Price $5 for a package of five boxes and a vial of powder, which is important in all old long-standing cases, or $1 per single box. Sold by all first-class druggists, and sent to any address on receipt of the price. Addres HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., 562 Broadway, New York. march30wlyr

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Cristadoro's Excelsior Liquid Hair Dye.—It is now acknowledged by all, it has neither superior nor equal. It stands alone and unapproachable above the host of imitations put forth in the market. Its well observed and increasing popularity has astonished the senses of all the old and worn-out dyemakers in cristeadom.

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Sinking Fast.

Pale, miserable, discouraged, without relish for food, without energy enough for exertion, yet with no acute pain, or other specific indication of disease, how often do we see feeble invalids fading as it were out of life without any apparent cause. We say of them that they are "sinking fast," or "sinking gradually," as the case may be. But there is no good reason why they should sink at all. Persons in this dead-alive state simply want invigorating and vitalizing. Nature, in a state of torpor, demands help. Bring out the reserve of vitality in the system, brace the nerves, tone the stomach, break up the morbid trance of body and mind with a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It can be done. It has been done in thousands of instances. The effect upon the enervated frame is electric. Never give up, however long sick and broken down. Remember that for the exhausted, the debilitated, the despondent, this powerful vegetable restorative is a genuine elixir. It is not a mere stimulant that provokes a transient flash of vigor in the system, and then leaves it in a more depressed condition than before. It removes the causes of debility by altering the secretions, and regulating the action of the internal organs, as well as re-enforcing them. It is a particularly valuable medicine at this season, because it is an antidote to the malaria which produces intermittent fever, bilious colic and other disorders of the bowels prevalent in the fall. novtait

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To Correspondents.

THE COMRADE.—In answer to all correspondents who have inquired for the COMRADE, we state that the book cannot be issued before Nov. 15th. The plates were delayed, so that the delay at this office is unavoidable.

W. H. H. F., Glencoe, Nebraska, asks:—"1. How many different languages are spoken at the present day? 2. Who are the Celts and Moors? 3. Was there a Simon Girty, or is he merely the hero of a romance; if there was such a person, what was the cause of his hostility to the whites? 4. What is the meaning of the words 'Don' and 'Signior,' prefixed to a person's name? 5. What is the value of a ruble in United States money? 6. What is a Baronet, Duke, or Count, and how do they obtain that rank? 7. What is meant by the 'Bulls and Bears' of Wall street, N. Y."—1. The number cannot be accurately stated, because we are not familiar with all peoples; and are not familiar with languages spoken by many peoples to understand whether they are languages or dialects. Balbi states there are 2,000 languages spoken—in these many dialects. We have knowledge of 860 of these, and the 860 have about 5,000 dialects. Of the 860, 53 are in Europe, 153 in Asia, 115 in Africa, 107 in Australia, and 432 in America. This question was answered some weeks ago, and readers receive fair warning that it will not be answered again; so clip this paragraph out and preserve it.

2. The Celts are a people who invaded Europe from the northeast, and whose earliest migrations were prior to the historic ages. One division of these invaders, called Gauls, sacked Rome. Other tribes of the Celts overran northern and northwestern Europe. This movement of northern hordes from Asia continued for centuries and many of the countries of Europe were occupied previous to the commencement of the Christian Era. Driven out of Spain or back from Spain and other countries, the vast armies fell on Rome to be hurled back again and almost annihilated. This closed the career of the Celts as conquerors. They were sought out and subjugated by the Romans, in France, Spain and Britain. After the fall of the Roman Empire the Danes, the Anglo Saxons and the Normans annihilated them in Great Britain, all but a remnant of one branch of the great people in Wales and another in Scotland. In France they were subjugated and persecuted by the Burgundians, Franks, Goths and Normans, and in Spain by the Vandals, Goths and Saracens. The Celtic race now exists only in Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Cornwall, each representing a division of the race. Moors were the people of Mauritania or Morocco, in northern Africa. They were conquered in the seventh century by the Arabs and converted to Mohamedanism. In time they adopted Arabic manners and customs, and language in part. In 711 a Moorish army under Arab leaders crossed the straits at Gibralter and began the conquest of Spain. The Spaniards called these men Moors, and this term was finally applied to all Moslems or Mohammedans—whether they were Arabs, Turks, or Moors.

3. There was a person named Simon Girty, a renegade white but he was little like Simon Girty of romance, except in his hatred of whites. People did not inquire into the motives of such an outlaw, although there were many stories as to why he chose the life he led.

4. The word "Don" is a title of honor, used chiefly among the Spaniards. The word is derived from a latin word meaning lord or master. No one could assume the title, under the old rule, without consent of the sovereign. The word is not used except in Spain and Portugal. Signior or Signor, (pronounced Seenyor,) is simply a title of respect, something like our Mr. It is common among the Italians.

5. The silver ruble of Russia is about 76c in U. S. money. The paper or bank ruble is worth about one-fourth as much.

6. Baronet is an English title of honor. The baronet is the next degree below a baron, but the difference is great, as a baron is a peer of the realm, and a hereditary legislator. The baronet is a commoner. The title was first conferred by James I. and the title is conferred by the Crown, the candidate to be of gentle blood and of adequate means. Duke, means a leader, and the title originally belonged to the commanders of armies. In the late periods of the Roman Empire, a duke was a military governor of a district. Subsequently their dignity increased and they governed several provinces. Under the successors of Charlemagne, the governors of provinces assumed the title of duke and achieved an almost absolute independence. In France, prior to the Revolution dukes were created by letters patent of the king and the title was hereditary in the family. In the royal family of France the rank of duke was superior to that of prince. In Germany the idea of sovereignty is inseparable from ducal dignity, the title of duke comes immediately after royalty—in fact, dukes are sovereigns. In England the Dukes hold the first rank in the peerage.—The first English Duke was Edward the Black Prince created Duke of Cornwall in 1337. The title is now borne by the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Norfolk ranks next. The dignity became extinct in the reign of Elizabeth, but was revived in 1623, and Ludovic Stuart was created Duke of Richmond. In 1778 the representative of the Ancient House of Percy was made Duke of Northumberland, and 47 years later Arthur Wellesley received the title of the Duke of Wellington from the King as the highest honor that could be rendered for his services. There are now in the English peerage 21 Dukes, exclusive of these of the royal family. Count is a title of nobility in general use in Europe and corresponds to earl in England. It is now merely a hereditary title, bestowed by the monarch, or attached to certain estates, but includes neither sovereignty or jurisdiction as it did under the old rule, when in Germany the Counts ranked next to the Dukes. 7. The term "bulls and bears" is applied to speculators in stocks. Two parties having contracted, the one to deliver, and the other to take stocks at a future time at a specified price it is the interest of the delivering party, in the intervening time, to depress stocks, and of the receiving party to raise them. The former is called a bear because he pulls down, and the latter a bull from the custom of a bull to throw up with his horns. There is ordinarily no exchange of stocks, but when the time of delivery arrives the losing party pays the difference between the price of stocks then and at the time the contract was made. The term "bear" is now applied in any transaction to a man who maneuvers to bring down prices and the term "bull" to all who labor to advance them.

IGNORAMUS, Hancock county, Ind.—There is such a company, but we cannot say how reliable it is.

MAY, Napoleon, Ohio, writes:—"I am a young widow, suddenly left without home or means of support. I have a child to take with me wherever I go, and it appears to be a hindrance to my engaging in any business. I dread taking a subordinate position, but if I can do no other way I would accept a situation as housekeeper in a family where I could keep my child. You may be able to suggest some employment by which I can gain a livelihood. If you can do so, you will place me under great obligations."—Write to the President of the Woman's Christian Association, Toledo, for advice.

O. C. L., Toledo, Ohio, writes:—More than six weeks ago, I asked you to tell me, through your "Answers to Correspondents," why the authorship of the poem, commencing with the following lines, was attributed to our lamented President, Abraham Lincoln, viz:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
etc,

If I mistake not, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Chicago *Post*, one or two New York papers, besides a host of country newspapers, quoted the above poem, and prefaced it with the remark—some that it was "*the* last and best poem that Mr. Lincoln ever wrote," and other papers that it was "one of the best poems" he ever wrote. Editors of papers, only a few years ago gave him the credit of the authorship, when, from their well known intelligence, and historical knowledge, they certainly ought to have known better.—While Mr. Lincoln produced literature equally as good as the poem spoken of—if not better—were he still living he would soon put in a disclaimer.

I cannot really understand why I received no answer. I recommend for it, up to the present time, by a probability of your having in your possession so many letters ahead of mine, that you have not been able to yet attend to it.—The letter written "six weeks ago" was not received. The probability mentioned in the closing paragraph about so many letters, is a fixed fact, which all correspondents will please remember.—As to the poem we do not believe the Chicago *Tribune* and *Post* ever made such an assertion. The poem was frequently referred to, as being Mr. Lincoln's favorite, and it is said by those who were intimate with him that he frequently recited it. We may be at fault but we do not remember that any first class paper ever credited Mr. Lincoln with the authorship of the poem. If they did do so, we of course cannot tell why they did so, any more than can our correspondent, because there is no reason, except the fact that the poem was a favorite one with the President, for so doing.

T. J. MARTIN, Staunton, Ind., asks: "What relation was Abraham Lincoln to Jeff. Davis?"—None at all. The families were not related.

W. C. FAY, Bismark, Eaton County, Michigan, asks: "1st. What ever became of the son of Napoleon First, born unto him by Maria Louisa, the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and has Napoleon First any legal descendants. 2d. By whom was France governed be ween the time of Napoleon 1st and Napoleon 3d? 3d. How came the Khedive of Egypt by his princely estate? Did it not descend from the time of Joseph? 4th. How much fall is there in St. Mary's river, the outlet of Lake Superior?"—1. The question has been answered in these columns. Napoleon Francois Joseph Charles Bonaparte, or Napoleon II, son of Napoleon Bonaparte and Maria Louisa died at Schonbrunn, July 22, 1832, at the age of 21. After the abdication of his father he went with his mother to Viena, the Austrian capital, where he was educated. He was known there as the Duke of Reichstadt, and he is referred to in history by that title. Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, or Napoleon III, the youngest son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland and Queen Hortense, daughter of Josephine, is the acknowledged and legal representative of Napoleon I. 2. Louis XVIII (Comte de Provance), brother of Louis XVI (House of Bourbon) took possession of the French throne May 3, 1814. On the return of Napoleon from Elba he left Paris, but again returned July 8, 1515. He died September 6, 1824. He was succeeded by his brother, Charles X, who was deposed in 1830. Louis Phillipe, son of Louis Philipe, Duke of Orleans, was raised to the throne as King of the French, August 9, 1830. He abdicated February 24, 1848, at the commencement of the Revolution. Louis Napoleon was elected President of the Republic December 11, same year, and was proclaimed December 20. He was declared Emperor December 2, 1852. 3. The family is Mahommedan, and has no connection with the times of Joseph. The Viceroy is nearly an independent sovereign, and his wealth comes to him as does the wealth of other sovereigns, ruling as he does. 4. About 22 feet.

A COLORADO SUBSCRIBER, Erie, Colorado, writes:—"1. What motions are not debatable according to Parliamentary rules? 2 Was General McClellan ever in command of all the armies of the United States? 3. If it should be ascertained that the planets Uranus and Neptune rotate from east to west—the same as their satellites are known to revolve—would that harmonize with the Nebular Hypothesis? Or does not the Nebular Hypothesis require every body belonging to the solar system to partake of the same direction of rotation as the parent body?"—1. A motion to adjourn, time not mentioned, is not debatable, neither is a motion to lay on the table. Under certain circumstances other motions are not debatable. Read Jefferson's manual 2. Gen. McClellan was in command of all the armies of the United States from the retirement of Gen. Scott, Nov. 1, 1861, to the spring of 1862. 3. The Nebular hypothesis is on the theory that all bodies in a system move in the same general direction, but the deviations from this rule are accounted for in a way that is satisfactory to the advocates of the theory. If it should be ascertained that Uranus and Neptune rotate from east to west, the fact would certainly not harmonize with the Nebular hypothesis.

CORNELIUS LEMIAN, Springfield:—We cannot state how many acres of homestead land are in each State, because many changes have been made since the acres were reported. A statement in regard to the whole number of acres subject to homestead in the United States, would for the same reason, not be reliable. At the close of the year, these facts will appear in the reports of the Departments at Washington. A soldier cannot settle on railroad lands, unless he arranges with the Railroad company so to do. We gave, two weeks ago, the wages and rations of a regular soldier. A private receives $13 per month. Soldiers are received for five years. In the countries in which slavery existed in Europe, it was abolished by act of the national legislatures or decree of ruling sovereign. The father of Horace Greeley was a New Hampshire farmer.—Mr. Gallagher, the poet, was born in Philadelphia and he was not an Irishman.

BLADE'S FRIEND:—For the explanations of the variations of the compass, read back numbers of the BLADE. We cannot make the matter plainer than it has been given in these columns.

S. BLANCHARD, Moscow, Ohio:—If you have any plans to submit, you should write to the Secretary of the State of New York, for directions &c. We cannot insert your communication in its present shape because it is written as an advertisement.

BEN., Ferrara, Ohio:—Your questions in regard to Military District, Western Reserve, &c., were answered in the WEEKLY of Sept. 14. In justice to our subscribers, we cannot repeat such answers. Your other questions are such as your teacher would ask you in school, expecting you to answer by consulting your text books. To these books you are referred. In your writing, the letters are shaded on the wrong principle.—Take lessons of some good business man.—"Boulevards" are simply the public avenues of Paris. The principal one is in the northern part of the city, the northern boulevard, forming a semi-circle about 4 miles in length. The word "boulevard" is pronounced "boo-le-var," the accent on the first syllable. The name originally meant rampart or bulwark, and was given to streets or walks constructed on the site of demolished fortifications.

SUBSCRIBER, Sardinia.—We will inform you, in our advertising columns, where you can purchase blacking boxes at wholesale, if those who have them for sale pay the usual advertising rates.

R. C.—We have no knowledge of any insurance company that will insure farm houses against tornado. Your communication will be referred to the insurance editor.

M. M. CLARKE, Mount Pleasant, Ohio.—The line "Though lost to sight, to memory dear" forms a part of very many epitaphs. We cannot name the author.

A READER OF THE BLADE, Iowa, wishes to be informed whether railroad companies are allowed by the Postoffice Department, or whoever employs them to carry the United States mail, to pass by and never check the speed of the train half the time, so that the mail can be thrown on, and declares that such is the case with a flag station postoffice.—The railroad companies agree to carry the mail. They must necessarily make arrangements to receive and deliver.

W. A. G., Providence, R. I., is laboring under an impression that Nasby wrote a reply to Carleton's "Betsey and I are out," and he wants the paper that contains the reply. We have informed W. A. G. that Nasby did not write any reply to anybody's poem; but still the paper is wanted. It is difficult in such cases to determine what a correspondent desires. The paper containing Nasby's "Hannah Jane" has been forwarded. We published replies to "Betsey and I are out," or sequels, rather, by Mr. Carleton, by Mrs. Bostwick and others.

GEORGE FOSTER, Neldon, Nebraska, writes:—"As there is quite a number of soldiers who settled here two years ago and got but eighty acres of land, I would like to know through your correspondent's column whether there ever has been a law of Congress granting us any more land or not."—The law now allows eighty acres additional, where that can be entered adjoining the original farm. In many cases this is a dead letter, as there is no adjoining land subject to entry.

JONATHAN HYATT, Milton, Wayne county, Ind. objects to our views on the subject of closing letters with "Your Obedient Servant," &c., and asks our second thought. Our second thought is the same as the first. We see no force in Mr. Hiatt's arguments. The instinct of a gentleman is to suppose every other man a gentleman. This instinct dictates courtesy in writing as well as in conversation. And this is good, proved even by Wm. Penn's "Right, Reason and Common Sense."

JUDSON HAYNES, Midway, Ind., asks: "1. Why is it that lightning sometimes burns and at other times does not? 2. Does lightning crush the bones of animals and men when it strikes them? 3. What was the name of Cæsar's wife when he was assassinated? 4. Is Henry Ward Beecher a Universalist; if not, what is he? 5. Was Hannibal, the Carthagenian, poisoned? If so, did he administer the dose himself, and was it done in his own country? 6. In numbers, what is the next denomination to the Baptist?"—The path of lightning or the electrical current is along the best conductors. Lightning is most destructive when it passes from one conductor to another. The effects of intense heat are developed where the current is most obstructed. The conclusion then is that when lightning strikes an object and passes off on a good conductor, there is no fire succeeding. Where it is otherwise, and there is intense heat developed by obstruction, there is fire. 2. Not necessarily. It often destroys life and leaves no perceptible mark on the body. 3. Cæsar's second wife was Cornelia, daughter of Cinna. 4. Henry Ward Beecher is a Congregationalist. 5. Hannibal poisoned himself when he found himself betrayed by Prusias, King of Bithynia. He had gone to Bithynia from Syria, where he had been in the service of Antiochus the Great. 6. Counting the Methodists as leading the Baptists in number, the Presbyterian churches come next in point of numbers.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS ask about the Suspension Bridge at Cincinnati, and two ask how high the Suspension Bridge is at Niagara.—The bridge at Cincinnati is 2,252 feet long; pier, 80 ft. high; width 45 feet; size of cable, 12 inches; cost $1,750,000. The Suspension bridge at Niagara was completed in 1858. The span is 851 feet and the height, 245 feet; 14,500 wires were used in the cables.

Progress of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

MESSRS. JAY COOKE & Co., the financial agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad, furnish the following gratifying facts regarding the prosperous progress of the enterprise;

The track is now about completed across the State of Minnesota, 250 miles, the grade being wholly finished, and the track-layers approaching the Red River at the rate of three miles a day. Regular trains are running over the completed sections.

In the latter part of September contracts were let for the construction of the Dakota division, extending 200 miles westward, from the crossing of the Red River to the crossing of the Missouri, in central Dakota. This division is to be finished by the first day of July next, and fifty miles are to be graded before the beginning of winter. In the meantime, a section of 65 miles is under construction between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, where track-laying is rapidly progressing.

It will be remembered that the Northern Pacific Company last year purchased both the main line and branch of the St. Paul and Pacific Road. Within the last three months, the main line has been completed, through a noble country, to the Red River at Breckenridge. Contracts were last week let for the continuation of the branch from its present terminus, at Watab, on the Mississippi River, 72 miles northward, to Brainard, where it will join the trunk line of the Northern Pacific. Finally, contracts have been let for the construction of a branch road from St. Cloud (75 miles north of St. Paul,) to Pembina, on the British border, a distance of 375 miles. This line is to be completed within fifteen months of the present time. It will drain the richest portion of the Red River Valley, open direct communication with the British settlements of Winnipeg and the rich Saskatchewan Basin. It will also serve as the south-eastern arm of the Northern Pacific Road, reaching to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and thus connecting with Chicago and the trunk lines to the east.

The completion of these contracts will give the Northern Pacific Company at the close of next year, 900 miles of road in the fertile and prosperous State of Minnesota; it will carry the trunk line of the great thoroughfare nearly one-third of its distance across the continent, and will bring to the Northern Pacific Road the large and profitable traffic of Montana, and the Government transportation of the upper Missouri.

It is anticipated that this business alone, without waiting for through trade, will meet the interest on the cost of the finished portion of the Road. The Hudson's Bay Company has already leased docks and warehouses at Duluth, preparatory to doing the whole of its immense business over the Northern Pacific line.

Settlers are occupying the lands along the route with surprising and gratifying rapidity.

About the first of January next nearly two million acres of the finest lands in Minnesota will be placed in market by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and the proceeds of their sale will be used to purchase and cancel the Company's 7-30 bonds, the Company's lands in Minnesota will much more than pay the cost of building the Minnesota division of the road, and their sale will be rapid—indeed, many thousand acres have already been sold to actual settlers, in advance of being offered. The Company's lands west of Minnesota, through Dakota, prove to be of superb character, and will speedily come into market.

Owing to the rigid economy and perfect integrity with which all departments of the enterprise are managed, and the great reduction in cost of material within the last few years, the cost of construction and equipment proves to be considerably less per mile than the original estimates. For example, locomotives which cost $19,000 each when the Union and Central Pacific Roads were built, are now sold at $12,000; best American rails, which during the war sold at $100 per ton, now cost the Northern Pacific only about $70 per ton, right of way and stone and timber material, which are usual large items in the cost of a new road, are furnished to the Northern Pacific gratuitously from the Government domain. The bearing that this greatly diminished cost of construction must have on the value and security of the Company's 7-30 Bonds, will be apparent to any one.

The money is being furnished for the early completion of the Northern Pacific Road by the now rapid sale of its First Mortgage 7-30 Bonds. Their absorption by investors has been very rapid during the last three months, and at the present rate of increase of sales the company will soon be enabled to reduce the rate of interest on the remainder of its loan, or advance the price of the 7-30 bonds above par. These bonds have established their character as a first class security, good evidence of which is the fact that they are being largely taken as an investment by many of the Savings Banks of New England, and conservative monied institutions of other States. Since the success of the United States Five Per Cent. Loan, very many holders of Five-Twenties have taken advantage of the favorable opportunity to exchange their Government Bonds for Northern Pacifics, at a large profit. These exchanges are increasing in volume, in all parts of the country.

Steadily, and with even greater rapidity than was anticipated by its projectors, this great thoroughfare is advancing across the continent, opening as it progresses the finest belt of undeveloped country in America. Every phase of the enterprise is in the most satisfactory condition, its complete success was long since assured, and its early completion is now a certainty.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Treasurer has mailed to the stockholders of the new five per cent. loan, checks for the interest due on November 1st.

No present trouble is expected among the Pennsylvania coal miners, on account of the low price of coal in New York.

The fifth annual convention of the Ohio Y. M. C. A. met at Zanesville Friday and elected H. T. Miller, of Cincinnati, President.

It is announced that the French Government pays the Swiss Confederation 2,000,000 francs for the maintainance of Bourbaki's army in Switzerland.

Harbor Master Steele, of Chicago, reports that there were more vessels in that harbor on Monday and Tuesday last, than during any other forty-eight hours in the history of Chicago.

The President has suspended Watson Stewart, register, and David Bemment, receiver at the land office at Humboldt, Kansas, and designated P. B. Maxon for register, and Jasper J. Wood for receiver at those places.

An insane Philadelphian, on being taken to an asylum by an officer, completely turned the tables by delivering up the officer as insane, notwithstanding his protestations. While the officer was locked up, before the trick was discovered, the man that was really insane walked away.

Advices from the upper portion of South Carolina report increasing terror on account of the numerous arrests under the President's proclamation. The Yorkville *Enquirer* thinks the wholesale arrests had a very depressing influence on business generally. The grand jury of Chester county, composed of six whites and six negroes, find that the allegations of the President's proclamation are without foundation.

The Chicago dealers in lumber and brick are demanding extortionate prices for their products. Under this condition of affairs, Millwaukee has sent a number of cargoes of lumber, which will be sold at fair prices. Brick makers from other parts of the country, even as far off as Philadelphia, are here sending orders. The prices will have to come down.

Vincent Collyer, who has returned to Washington, represents the Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico to be in a starving condition and eager to accept offers of peace. Couta, Chief of the Apache Mohaves was so reduced by starvation that he could not speak for several hours. They complain of the whites taking possession of their country. Wherever they went to government posts for food, they were hunted by scouts and shot at. At Canada Alamazar (N. M.) the Indians were invited and came in, manifesting a friendly disposition. Collyer pronounces it untrue that depredations were committed at Camp Grant, or that he had interfered with the movements of General Crook. Cochez and twenty of his warriors came in the reservation at Canada Alamaza. He and other Apache chiefs will visit Washington during the winter.

Methodists of Cincinnati have resolved to raise $30,000 for the Chicago Methodists.

Gov. Hoffman appoints Nov. 23d as a day of Thanksgiving.

Gen. Thomas W. Bennett, of Indiana, is appointed Governor of Idaho, vice Bowen, resigned.

It is reported that the North Carolina Ku Klux will hold out against the authorities, and surrender only on condition of absolute pardon.

The early closing movement of stores on Saturdays, in winter as well as summer, is extending to all departments of mercantile business.

The order of Egyptian Monks have assembled in New York to receive their brother, the Grand Duke Alexis, who is a member of the Russian branch of the order.

The Interior Department recommends the War Department to carry out the request of the Indian agent to expel white men who are selling whiskey to the Sioux in Platte Valley.

The American Bible Union began their annual session in New York, Wednesday morning, Rev. Miles Sanford presiding. The report of the Treasurer showed the annual expenses to be $56,018; receipts only 53,684.

Rev. George Brown, D. D., editor of the Methodist Recorder, formerly President of a college at Uniontown, Pa., and a minister for more than fifty-six years, died Wednesday, at Springfield, Ohio, aged 80 years.

As Judge Barnard's fidelity to the cause of reform is doubted, corporation counsel O'Gorman has associated Geo. Ticknor Curtis with him in the action in behalf of the city to recover the money alleged to have been fraudulently obtained. The necessary papers have been served on Ingersoll, Keyser, Tweed, Connolly, Miller, Davidson, and others.

The Secretary of War has dismissed from the Military Academy, for treating with violence and harassing other cadets, cadets John W. Wilson, De Witt Clinton Frasier, Santiago F. Hubbell, John L. Stiles; and for the same cause has ordered that cadet Miller H. Hammond be deprived of his next furlough and confined to the limits of the Plain until next year.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers meet next year in St. Louis.

Hon. R. D. Harrison has been appointed Commissioner of Railroads and telegraphs for Ohio.

The completion of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad to Breckenridge on the Red River, was celebrated on Wednesday last, by an excursion of the Old Settlers' Association to Breckinridge.

Treasurer Spinner, in answering a communication complaining of a scarcity of legal tender notes of small denomination, says the Department is always ready to supply notes of small denomination on application.

The immense petition from Utah, signed by about twenty-five hundred women, is in favor of polygamy, rather than against it, as stated. The petitioners represent that the federal officials are creating a disturbance, and ask a stoppage of court proceedings.

The Guardian Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has donated one thousand dollars in aid of Chicago's sufferers. Many other leading eastern Life Companies have in like manner generously illustrated their benevolent character.

In the American Bible Union Thursday, the committee on the revision of the Bible, reported on the New Testament. Rev. Mr. Armitage read extracts from the revised Bible, remarking it was erroneous to suppose it a new translation, but as it now stands, all errors and defects in the Bible of King James' time are removed.

The Evidence Against Tweed.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The Tribune publishes to-morrow the evidence against Tweed, which will be submitted to the court, and says his arrest in criminal suits will probably follow at once. Application for the arrest will probably be made in Albany county. The Tribune says the fraudulent transactions which are the subject of the contemplated suit, began in the passage of section four of the county tax levy of 1870, creating a board of audit and providing for the payment of claims and liabilities against the city and county thereby. The board consisted of Mayor Hall, Comptroller Connolly and Tweed. The board never had but one meeting, which did not last fifteen minutes. The record was there made upon the minutes, and a resolution drawn and read by Mayor Hall, and said to be in his handwriting. Instead of auditing claims, the resolution, in plain violation of law, provided that Auditor Watson should collect together all claims, and the certificates of Wm. M. Tweed, President of the Board of Supervisors, or James B. Young, Secretary of the Board, should be the evidence required to enable a claim to be paid. It is held by the Attorney General that the Mayor must have advised his colleagues that this was an execution of their trust, whereas their duty was to investigate accounts and find out what was due. The board had consequently no right to take the certification proposed by the resolution. The next step was the collection of warrants. Of the total of these warraats, $6,312,541.37, three dependents and tools of Tweed deposited $5,710,913, the New York Printing Company deposited $384,895 19 making $6,995,319.17. A further $103,648.68 is believed to have been deposited by Ingersoll in different banks. So the whole amount of the audit, except $113,383.58 was really collected by persons in connection or collusion with Tweed. Ingersoll collected $2,501,384.50 of the warrants, and received from Garvey out of his collection $17,744.68. Of that aggregate, he paid over to Woodward $1,817,369.49, a little more than half of this whole receipts. Garvey deposited warrants amounting to $1,177,413.72. He (Garvey) paid to Woodward $731,371,11, or over two-thirds of the whole amount of his receipts. Wood was deposited $1,082,715.05, and he received in checks from Ingersoll and Garvey enough of these collections to make a total of $3,582,054.23. Of this amount he paid over $23,858.50 to Tweed. Woodward was then and is now deputy clerk to Young, of the Board of Supervisors, on whose certification, according to Mayor Hall's resolution, as well as that on Tweed, the bills were to be paid. It is unknown to whom Woodward made other payments, but those he made to Tweed are established beyond a doubt. The tickets accompanying the deposits are in the handwriting of Woodward, and the teller of the Broadway Bank swore that they were generally made by Woodward in person. Including the $104,333.64, Tweed received the handsome aggregate of $1,037,192.14.

Albert A. Woodward, former clerk of the old Board of Supervisors, and joint agent with Jas. Watson of the Ring, recently disappeared, saying he was going to Chicago. It is proved that he transferred his property in Connecticut to his partner, Mr. Beatty. It is not very valuable, and represents but a fraction of many millions he has stolen. His total purchases of real estate since 1864 amount to $174,861, mostly since February, 1869, and his sales $60,500. He has also loaned to parties in Norwalk $303,057, taking in each instance a mortgage on property in the town.

The complaint is accompanied by tables and schedules of city warrants, tickets of deposit and other documents, endorsed by Tweed, the Woodwards and others, showing that large sums of money have passed into their hands, and the correctness of their tables are certified to by affidavit before Samuel J. Tilden, who swears that he personally traced and examined them.

City Affairs.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The arrest of Tweed is the talk of the city. The reformers begin to think work has been commenced to secure a change in the city government, and give to justice its dues. The Tweed political organizations, which are very numerous, feel disappointed at to-day's action. There is much interest awakened as the facts are developed. Further proceedings from day to day will be exciting, particularly to politicians. Tweed's bail was fixed at $2,000 000, which was promptly furnished. The bondsmen were carefully examined by the Sheriff. They are Jay Gould, President of the Erie Railroad, who qualified for $1,000,000; Benjamin Fairchild, Tammany auctioneer, qualified for $300,000; Terence Farley and Barnard Kelley, Tammany politicians, each qualifying for $300,000; Hugh J. Hastings, Commercial Advertiser, qualified for $100,000.

The committee of citizens appointed by the Board of Supervisors, who have been engaged for many weeks in examining the frauds in city accounts, to-day submitted a report. The summary of figures and facts of this report is the first authentic information on the subject which has been furnished. The amount charged to cost of the new Court House, still unfinished, County courts, offices, their repairs, furniture, &c., is in all $13,426,832 20. The whole cost of the completed building could not fairly exceed $3,000,000. The immense sum charged is made up of $8,234 703 19 directly charged to the new Court House building and its furniture, and $5,282,229 charged to County courts and offices (nearly all of which are in the same building), repairs and furniture. Thus $641,900 49 were paid for $18 876 90 worth of carpets; $2,960,187 02 paid for $308 551 50 worth of furniture, $914,336.65 paid for $73,752 worth of plumbing, $1,937.24 paid for $7 050 worth of plastering. The sum of $7,168,812 23 is charged for advertising, printing, blank-books and stationery since January 1, 1869. The whole account shows that $24,250,000 were paid as expenditures for what was really worth $4 750,000, giving a loss to the city of $19,500,000. This is the amount stated to have been divided among the ring thieves since January, 1869. This report concludes the business of the committee. The committee assert that within two years and eight months, one-half the entire revenues of the city and county have been abstracted, much more than the entire city and county tax levy. The exhibit thus made creates a great sensation among honest tax payers.

The bill of complaint filed in Tweed's case is very lengthy. It refers almost exclusively to the evidence in Tilden's affidavits. It alleges violation of the tax levy act of 1870, in auditing claims in violation of law. The robbing of vouchers from the comptroller's office is referred to. Judgment is asked against Tweed, Garvey, Woodward and Ingersoll for $6,312,000. The complaint is sworn to by S. J. Tilden. The testimony accompanying the bill embraces the affidavits of Arthur E. Smith, book-keeper of the Broadway Bank, who testifies as to deposits.

Richard O'Gorman's affidavit sets forth that he commenced on October 19th suits against Tweed and Connolly by direction of the Mayor, and that complaints in these cases are in course of preparation. Since these directions from the Mayor, he has not consulted with any of the defendants, except to inform defendant Hall that proceedings were begun. He also at the same time commenced suit against Ingersoll and others, under direction of the Mayor.

Ten yellow fever deaths at Charleston yesterday.

The Democratic reformers in convention to-night nominated Wm. E. Curtis and John Bedgwick for Judge of the Supreme Court. These nominations are made in harmony with the views of the Citizens' Committee of Seventy. Resolutions were adopted denouncing the Tammany corruptions and expressing confidence in the integrity of the leaders of the Reform party, Horatio Seymour, Charles O'Connor, Samuel J. Tilden and Oswald Ottendorfer. A resolution offered by Benjamin Wood was adopted, endorsing the nominations of the Rochester Convention.

The council of political reform to-night nominated Geo. C. Barret for Judge of the Supreme Court and William C. Curtis and Harper C. Van Vorst for Judges of the Supreme Court; Franz Sigel for Register, and a full senatorial, assembly and city ticket. Among the State Senators nominated are O'Donavan Rossa and Daniel Tremain; among the Assemblymen are Wm. M. Evarts and Charles O'Connor.

At the National Insurance Convention this morning, it was announced that the Convention would visit New Haven to-morrow.

It was voted to communicate the recommendations of the Convention to the Governors of the several States with a request that they be laid before the State Legislature.

A supplemental report from the committee on dividends, expenses and appointment of attorneys, recommending that no life insurance company divide its surplus, was tabled.

A committee was appointed to consider the best method of supervising companies insuring impaired lives.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 32.—The funeral of Hon. Thomas Ewing, Sr., occured at 11 o'clock Saturday, at Lancaster, Ohio. Prominent gentlemen were present from various parts of the State, and a very large attendance of neighbors and immediate friends. Among the pall-bearers were Governor Hayes, Senators Sherman and Thurman, and Judge Welch of the Supreme Court. The services were conducted by Rev. Father Young of the Catholic Church, the oldest priest in the State. A short address was delivered by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati. The services peculiar to the church were performed at the cemetery, where the body was placed beside that of his wife.

SALT LAKE, Oct. 27.—There are rumors of trouble to-morrow, upon the occasion of the sentence of Hawkins for adultery. The women seem to be the most excited. Threatening letters were received to-day by the United States Marshal. Brigham Young left the city Wednesday, and was reported last night at Battle Creek. George Q. Connor is also absent, and is said to be at San Francisco. Something important is evidently on hand among the Mormons, but the Gentiles generally do not believe that any resistance to the law or government is meditated.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—The latest details of the Los Angelos horror are worse than the first. The mob appears to have been actuated solely by animosity of race and a desire for plunder. The witnesses before the coroner's jury give their testimony with apparent reluctance and fear. The testimony implicates two Irishmen as having boasted that they assisted in killing the Chinese. The Chinamen who shot officer Bilderian were arrested and turned over to the authorities by the Chinese themselves, and are now in jail. Only four of the rioters are arrested. From $14,000 to $30 000 in money, and all the valuables belonging to the Chinese were carried off by the mob. Even those arrested were robbed on the way to jail.

GREENSBORO, N. C., Oct. 27.—Wm. B. Parker, white, was hung here yesterday, for the murder of Thomas Price, colored.

Alfred Mackey, colored, was hung at Whiteaville, N. C. yesterday, for the murder of John Stancill, white.

BOSTON, Oct. 28.—The murder of Kate Lichan still remains a mystery. Chief Police Savage, requests any information calculated to throw light upon the tragedy. Wrapped around the furnace wrench, with which the murder was done, was a copy of the Helena Clarion newspaper, dated Feb. 16th, 1871, published in Helena, Arkansas. Any one sending such a paper to persons in this vicinity, should communicate with the Chief Police, as it might furnish a clue to the murderer.

The Markets.

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1871.

Cotton in fair demand at better prices; middling uplands 18½c. Flour dull; receipts 24,000 bbls superfine western and State at $4 10@5 50; common to good $5 70@7 00; good to choice $6 90@7 40; white wheat extra 7 10@7 75; Ohio extras $6 90@7 50; St Louis $7 25@9 25. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are unchanged. Whiskey lower at 94c. Wheat dull and unsettled; receipts 315,000 bu; spring No 2 at 152@154c; winter red western 159@162c; amber 164@165c; white 165@175c; extra choice and amber Indiana 176c. Rye nominally at 90c for western. Barley heavy; Bay Quinte 103c; State 75c. Malt quiet. Corn dull and lower; receipts 78,000 bu western mixed at 78@79½c. Oats dull and lower; receipts 181,000 bu western and Ohio at 50@51½c. Total Stock of Grain—wheat, 2,015,000 bu; corn, 2,224,000 bu; oats, 2,134 000 bu; rye, 289,000 bu; barley, 105,000 bu; malt, 144,000 bu; peas, 11,000 bu. Hay and Hops are unchanged. Coffee dull; Rio 18@20c. Sugar steady; fair to good refining 8½@9c; Cuba 8½@9c. Molasses dull. Rice, 7½@8½c. Crude Petroleum 14c; refined 25c. Turpentine quiet at 47½@48c. Pork active; mess $12 90; prime mess $9 50@10; prime $11; mess seller November and December at $13, seller January at $14 00. Beef and Cut Meats quiet and unchanged. Middles in good demand; short weak for future delivery; long clear 8¾c; bellies 9c, short clear 8½c for January; long and short clear seller January and February 8@8½c. Lard unsettled; No 1 to prime steam at 9¾@10c; prime kettle rendered 10½@10¾c; seller December, February, March and April at 9¾c. Butter and Cheese unchanged.

Government Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.

Sterling Exchange 10[illegible]			
Coupons of '81	115¾	Comp's of '67	113¾
do of '62	114¾	do of '68	113¾
do of '64	114¾	10-40s	109¾
do of '65	114¾	Currencies	111
do new	113¾	Gold	111¾

Toledo Produce Market.

TUESDAY MORNING, Oct. 31.

Flour.—The lower grades are about 25c lower, while prices are pretty well maintained in those of the higher. Latest rates are: Fine $4 25; Superfine, $4 50@4 75; Extra, $5@5 25; XX and Fancy, $5 50@5 75. Buckwheat, $5 75@7 00. Rye $5 00. Wheat—as we predicted last week, the wheat market has shown more animation, and prices are a trifle better; the changes have been frequent, but the market closed steady at our quotations: Amber sells at 143c, and options at 141¾@145c seller last half November, mostly at the inside, and 143¾c buyer October. White Michigan Wheat nominal. No 1 Red Wabash dull at 140¾c; No 2 Red 135c; options lower, seller last half November 136¾c, and 137c seller first half November; No 3 Red, 130c; Rejected Red, 130c. Amber Illinois inactive. Corn—The Corn market cannot be termed active, and prices are slightly depressed. We give the correct quotations for different grades: High mixed brings 53¾c; New high-mixed dull at 54¾c. Low mixed sold at 51½c; new 53½c. Y